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The Pacific.

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[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Found at Sea.

A little stranger came to-day—
From some far-distant shore?
Disrobed, uncrowned and all alone,
A mortal guise its bore.

It tells not of its former state,
Its origin, nor source;
It tells not of its mission here,
Its purpose, nor its course.

Whence came the living, quenchless spark
That animates this clay?
Whence came the light that fills her eyes,
The lustrous, fadeless ray?

No earth-born thing hath endless life;
Such nature hath decay.
The sun must be a fadeless sun
That gives a fadeless day.

Fall launched on life's tempestuous sea,
Maternal guidance given,
Aspirous be her voyage of life,
Her final port be heaven.

BORAX.

STEAMSHIP CEPHALONIA, Aug. 3, 1891.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Hope.

"When in the depths of valleys drear,
Mid shadows dark and wild,
Oh, may I find my Father near,
Who'll not forget his child!

Or on the way rough mountains rise,
With weary feet and worn,
My steps lead upward to the skies,
Where dawns a heavenly morn.

And when I'm tossed on hi lows high,
May hear the Voice that said,
On stormy wave, to Peter's cry,
"It's I; be not afraid."

When night draws near and clouds are dark,
No shining of the star,
Oh, let my faith, though feeble spark,
Guide to the home afar!

Or when affection's flower has died,
And hearts once warm grow cold,
Oh, may I in His love abide,
Who calls me to his fold!

And when I reach those mansions fair,
Where angels incense raise,
I'll thank him for his tender care,
And join the hymn of praise.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26th. F. G. H.

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY REV. S. BRISTOL.

I have just finished the reading of four articles in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* from the pen of Professor Totten of Yale University, on the "End of the Age," and "The Millennium to Commence Before the Close of this Century!" These letters are supplementary to a book he has published on the subject, but which I have not seen. I presume they contain a summary of its contents. They carry me back to the Millenarian excitement of 1843, and the wild chronological calculations, the cabalistic exegeses and dogmatic denunciations which accompanied it. Mr. Totten ("Lieutenant" they call him) is a Professor of Military Tactics in Yale. He may be learned in that line, but he is pitifully weak and wild as an interpreter of Scripture. The principal doctrines, I take it, which he has set up and defended in his book are:

1. That Christianity, as a means of converting the world, has proven a stupendous failure; and,

2. That Christ is to come in person before this century ends and destroy the wicked, and set up a kingdom which is the millennium foretold in the Bible.

So far as I know, all pre-millennial Adventists have agreed in this. With one accord they deny that this world can be converted by the agencies Christ set in motion when he ascended on high. These were the Church of God, the Bible and the Holy Spirit. "See," say they, "how inadequate these agencies have proved, for the world is waxing worse and worse! Instead of going forward we are retrograding! Instead of gaining on the world, we are losing ground! And the only hope is a second coming of Christ, a cataclysm which shall destroy the wicked, and, by miraculous power, restore the kingdom of Christ on the earth." To this sad, and it seems to me mistaken, view of this world's condition and tendency, I wish to invite attention in this and a subsequent article. In these short newspaper articles it is obvious that only a few of the great improvements of modern times can be brought to the front, and these but inadequately presented.

1. *The kingdom of God has spread abroad immensely*, and gained vastly on the world since its Great Leader ascended on high and took charge of its conduct and its forces. It was small then. A single hall holding a few thousands could hold them all! The little county of Ventura, where I live, unknown as it is to nearly the whole Christian world, has at least thrice the churches and church membership, and houses of worship and consecrated talent the entire Christian Church possessed at that time! How is it now? Has the grain of mustard seed sown at that time and watered with tears and the bloody sweat grown any and given signs of becoming a tree, in whose branches the nations, like birds, shall gather? Look over our vast country, and number its States, its counties, its towns, its churches and membership!

RAMBLES IN THE ORIENT—III.

Farewell to China.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER.

There are leave-takings which are pleasant and congenial, but there are others which well nigh overcome the soul. To one who leaves the mission field for a brief period of rest at home, the parting is not hard, for hope pictures a speedy and a happy return; but how different when one with shattered health turns his face towards his home and country! To return home at our own sweet will, or to be sent home, are two entirely different things, and it may be said that the latter is one of the greatest trials that can befall any missionary. How the picture of a noble wife, now of sainted memory, rises up before me as I see her suffering for years, and yet unwilling to leave China lest her husband might be hindered in his work. We speak of the Wellingtons and Napoleons as the heroes of the world, but many a missionary's wife deserves the high encomium more than any martial general by her willingness to suffer for Jesus' sake, in order that the cause of God might not be retarded. And yet many are at last obliged to yield and return to their native land in quest of health, when some unfeeling zealot for missions will say, "What a pity that the work of missions should be retarded by a sick and weak woman!" Ah, yes; it is easy to make insinuating remarks, and suggest that if the husband had not been married he might have been able to continue his labors, but if all were known, perhaps some of these criticisms would never be uttered. "You must go home." What a simple sentence; only four words, and yet what volumes they tell! Notice, please, it is not "you may go home," for then there might have been a hope that the field was well manned, and the leaving not injurious to the work, but now how different! Notice, please, what it means. It is not like leaving a church in the home land, for his place will soon be filled there; the vacancy will not be long, but here how different!

There are those schools for girls and boys whose teachers you know perfectly, their weaknesses and their excellencies; you know just how to interpret the character of this or that one after many years of Chinese character reading, but now this must be given up, and the knowledge cannot be imparted to another one. Then, there are the church members who have been received during the past eight years; you know their frailties, their difficulties and their trials, and you also know best how to sympathize with them; you know just where they live, and the persecutions through which they have passed; but now you must leave them to some one who must begin anew the study of Chinese life and character. Then, again, there are the helpers, who lean so much upon the foreign missionary, and who long for his coming into the country to aid them in their preaching; they become weary in being persecuted, slandered and abused; then, too, they need so much encouragement, for the Chinese heathen become dull of hearing, and the Chinese preacher is apt to become dull when his hearers are listless. How often have I heard these very men say, "When you are here, then I feel more like preaching." And we need not wonder that these men need the spiritual support of a missionary; they are but children themselves in the faith, and to meet the calumny of their friends and relatives requires heroic and undaunted courage; but now you must also leave these single-handed preachers of the gospel to carry on their work as well as they can. Ah, it costs many a pang to leave the preaching chapels, rude as they may appear, and uncomfortable as they are, still the hard boards are dearer to you than the feather beds of Switzerland, or the hair mattresses of America.

How extremely difficult it is to leave some of these places, where one and another have been baptized; where the communion was administered, perhaps sometimes only to the Scripture two or three; where seasons of instruction were given in the Word of God, and many a prayer offered for the heathen, and many a sermon preached; but you must say farewell, and leave it all to untired hands. How easy for the Doctor to say "Go!" How easy for the Board at Boston to say "Come," but how hard for you to leave these scattered sheep, who still need so much instruction! You have their names not so much on the church register as on your heart. Ah, it is easy to say "rest," but tell me, What about the work which has grown dear to you? You are acquainted with every needy field. Here and there you have designated a chapel or a school, but now these can not be undertaken. No, the fiat has gone and you must yield, and yet, "What will become of the work?" cries the heart in its anguish. "Commit it unto the Lord," do I hear you say? Yes, thank God that it may

be surrendered unto him; yet how true it is that the work will not advance without laborers. Experience has taught you this. Then, again, with how many people you have become acquainted who are more or less convinced of the truth! Another can not know them as well as you who have preached and talked to them over and over again. You must leave all. The schools must be left to prosper or decline; the returned Chinese from America, whose homes you have visited through the hot summer days, must be left to stand or to fall, according to the amount of real truth they possess; the baptized converts must learn to stand alone, with little sympathy offered to them in their trials; then how many of them need a word of reproach here and a word of reproof there. Who can give it? Not a stranger who knows nothing about the circumstances. And, once more, how hard have been the first years of the mission; how difficult to acquire the language and Chinese character; how slow the work progressed at times; and yet now it has begun to enlarge on every side, and seems more prosperous and hopeful than ever; but you must say farewell to it all; farewell to those faithful Chinese who have nursed you often as you lay upon a Chinese bed racked with fever. Farewell to those whom you have learned to love; farewell to the missionaries who have become your intimate friends. Yes, the word must be said; but it is a sad one, for the consciousness comes to you that it may not be only for a little while, but forever.

Is it strange, then, that, under such circumstances, you should quickly turn your head and quietly walk away, as the band commences to play and the ship slowly turns her bow out towards the ocean with Hongkong in full view. How often you have sailed out of the harbor in a Chinese junk, but never before with your face towards Europe. "Pleasant to visit the great countries of Europe?" does some one say. Perhaps so, to those who live to amuse themselves by sight-seeing, but not to you who are leaving your heart behind, and with a conscious dread that you can never labor for the uplifting of the heathen in China again. And yet, as the tears come, and the heart is wrung, the silent prayer of "Thy will be done" is offered, and from the throne of his presence comes an answer of peace that God does not need you to carry on his work; but that he may and can raise up others who can labor better and more worthily for the cause, which is not yours, but his. And this removes in part the soreness of the wound, and the knowledge that through the telephone of prayer you may still intercede for China, and your own particular work brings a calm and an undisturbed peace. Yes, the workers are laid aside, but thank God that the work goes on, not as we will, but as he wills it; and in the bright hereafter we shall learn that the meaning of some of God's dealings with us here, and perhaps it will then be seen that we accomplished more in the paths which we were unwilling to tread, and which have often caused our tears to fall, than in the pleasant paths which we have loved. Another voice will soon be heard, "Come up higher," and there we shall be glad that we suffered with him here, though the way was often thorny and many a coveted scheme for God's work had to be abandoned. Blessed be God, that he makes no mistake with any one of his workers!

THE VALUE OF GOOD INFLUENCE.

Could we all realize the extent of the influence which our words have, we would be careful in our conversation. How quick one can detect a flaw in the religion of one who is given to worldly language, and what an evil effect it has upon the hearers! How out of place are slang words coming from the lips of a young lady! It is essential that a Christian bear himself in accordance with the pure life of Christ if he would uphold Christianity.

Years ago, a father bid his boy goodbye. Drawing the child close to him, he said: "My boy, I hope you will never disgrace yourself with the evil habit of drinking." It was a sorrowful day for the boy, for he loved that father; little did he know that it was the last time he should look upon his father's face again. Years passed and the boy's father did not return, and to-day the hot rays of a tropical sun burn the earth near where he sleeps; beneath the foliage of South America. His words have lived with the boy, and though but a child when given this noble message, they still burn into his heart. He was a friend whose influence was a cast for good—to live forever!

Let us do what good we can in life, for soon the tide shall ebb, the billows feeble grow, the crested waves fainter break, and we shall recede from sight and rise to fairer worlds on high.

W. F. ADAMS.

THE CENTENNIAL OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN MARIETTA, OHIO.

BY JOHN EATON, LL.D.

The Sabbath-school is called the nursery of the church, but it is equally a nursery of virtue for the State. In it, those Bible standards of conduct are fixed in the mind of the child to which all civic virtues must be made to conform, if the State is to endure. If there is any lack of teaching morality in the common schools anywhere, it is remarked as an apology, "That is left to the Sabbath-school"; but alas, hardly one-half of our youth of educable age are in our Sabbath-schools! May we not, then, consider any event which quickens Sabbath-school effort of special public interest?

In 1791, Mrs. Mary Lake, of English birth, but of patriotic sentiments, and so a nurse in the hospitals for American soldiers in the war for independence, was one among the early arrivals in the colony that settled in Marietta, on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Muskingum, and when the Indian war drove the pioneers into their fort or stockade, known as Campus Martius, she opened in one of the rooms a school for the instruction of children on Sunday.

The workers in this great cause in Ohio united their annual meeting with the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the opening of this first Sabbath-school in the territory northwest of the Ohio river. This brought to their aid some of the noblest men engaged in promoting Sunday-schools now or during the last forty years in the other States carved out of that vast territory. The gathering was eminently historical, and well-nigh national. The pre-historic mounds, the associations of the century connected with the town, the culture and hospitality of the people and the presence of the college, were local conditions tributary to the high tide of enthusiasm aroused by the excellent papers and discussions.

The thrilling experience of a century, the improved methods, the grandeur and glory of the good accomplished, were fitting considerations, under the assured lead of the Master, to awaken to the greater effort necessary to bring in the hundreds of thousands now without the blessed influences of Bible instruction in these schools on the Sabbath day. Those two great methods for impressing truth, the historic and the comparative, were used with skill and effect. Attention was specially turned to neglected fields. Few know how many localities, greater and smaller, in these central regions of the country, are without the ministrations of the gospel, or are satisfied if they are within reach two Sabbath-days, or one in a month. The Sunday-school is specially adapted to bring new spiritual life to these communities. The experience of the century was brought to bear with great effect upon present difficulties. Helps should not become hindrances to the Bible itself—all ends should center in saving souls, all methods accord with the Divine, all efforts hope for success only in the favor of the Holy Spirit. Much good was expected from the Sunday school statistics gathered in the census of 1890.

Reports made for Ohio gave 7,201 Sunday-schools, 63,075 teachers, 630,438 scholars—a large number, but falling short by 527,865 of the total youth of Sunday-school age. An incident of special interest was an excursion by rail up the Muskingum, a dozen miles, to the grave of Mrs. Mary Lake. The busy workers suspended their labors, and, with hands laden with flowers, turned aside to decorate her last resting-place. A modest stone has recently been reared to mark the spot by the Sunday-school children of the county. When the grave had been embowered in flowers, a fit word was said, hymns sung, and prayer offered, the hour lent a charm to the occasion.

As the train wended its way rapidly through the shifting scenes of the cultivated fields which occupied the valley, the luxuriant verdure here and there caught a golden hue from the slanting rays of the setting sun. All felt that the scene might be accepted as typifying our goodly land, and all felt that the occasion invited renewed consecration, and that there is promise of abundant reward.

An accident to the local train from Sacramento to this city last Monday resulted in the death of one man, mail agent, M. E. Quimby, and the injury of several others. There were about one hundred and thirty persons on the train. The warping, or spreading of rails, owing to the extreme heat, is supposed to have been the cause. All the train left the track, and some of the cars were smashed to splinters. Such are the uncertainties of travel. But no real harm can come to true Christians; dying is but going home.

The ambitious, the covetous, the superficial, and the ill-designing are apt to be bold and forward.—Swift.

Woman's Board of the Pacific.

YOUNG LADIES' BRANCH.

The sixth annual meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch consisted of an afternoon session at the Third church. The first meeting for prayer was more largely attended than usual, and all the local auxiliaries were well represented later in the day. The Branch was cheered by the presence of two of the officers from the Woman's Board; we hope the visits will be frequent from the Mother Board to her offspring.

"Oneness in Christ, the Secret of True Missionary Effort," was the thought emphasized in the Scripture reading; that wonderful last prayer of our Saviour; "That they may be one"—"Perfect in one." With what glorious result! "That the world may believe—that the world may know that Thou hast sent me."

Reports were read of the year's work by home and foreign secretaries and treasurer. The home secretary showed us the Branch has been pruned during the year, two societies having dropped from the list; one, we fear, out of existence. Let us hope the pruning will, because of renewed zeal on the part of those that remain, bring only more fruit in the future. As we so well know, strength lies not in numbers, but in consecration and a "single eye."

From the Foreign Secretary we learned more definitely of Miss Gunnison's home and surroundings in Matsuyama, and at the close of the report felt better acquainted with our missionary in Japan.

We waited in uncertainty for the Treasurer's report. No pledge was made at the beginning of the year, a certain amount having been apportioned to the Branch by the Board; we hoped to raise a large amount over the usual pledge to devote to the building fund of the home for the missionaries in Matsuyama, but this expectation was not realized. During the afternoon a number of thank-offerings were received, and the treasurer's report will be given in full in this column.

Some time was given to transaction of necessary business. Delegates were elected to the annual meeting of the W. B. M. P., to be held in the First church, San Francisco, September 3d. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, and other matters pertaining to Branch work occupied our attention at this point.

All of the auxiliaries were heard from—either by delegate or through written report. Noticeable among the visitors was a circle of dear young friends from Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, who have formed a recent sprig to the Branch, and brought a "cheerful gift from Cheerful Workers," constituting two of their number life members to Young Ladies' Branch.

Two letters were read from Miss Gunnison, one written to Bethany church, kindly furnished by the pastor's wife; the other was the regular Branch letter. Did the tone of this one intimate falling strength? Let us remember our missionary depends on the Branch, not alone for the supply of temporal needs but to draw upon heaven's store-house for her continually. Is not our Lord able to make all grace abound to his weak ones, and cause that they may "prosper and be in health, even as the soul prospereth?"

We had expected to have with us Dr. Root from India, but instead heard of that land through extracts of home letters from Rev. Mr. Perkins and his sister, and one of their native teachers, who wrote to Miss Perkins, in quaint, expressive style, that the school in his care and "the congregation at Palampatty are growing better and better in gradual steps." Mr. Perkins laments the cutting down of missionaries' funds when the work is increasing, but, he adds, "The Lord's blessing still remains, and we look to Him to bring us out in some way."

Miss Perkins tells of eighty women at Madura who have forsaken idols, but are afraid to come out and confess themselves Christians; one asked to be prayed for that she might have courage to do so.

In Dr. Scudder's station, a high-caste native listened to the gospel from outside the church, hiding behind a pillar, and finally went to Dr. Scudder to ask for baptism. He was taken to another town to receive baptism, on account of opposition of friends. "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!" That can break "every barrier down." As we enter another year may we exalt no other thing nor person in our missionary undertakings to overshadow that precious name, and dim the brightness of the Presence that will direct our work in truth.

At the conclusion of a varied programme, mingled with prayer and singing, all rose and were led in a brief closing prayer by Mrs. Pond; then the Lord's own petition was offered by all, and the meeting adjourned. Com.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON FOR SEPT. 13.
JOHN IX: 1-41, 35-38.

The Incarnate Word the Light of the World.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

(V. 1.) "He passed by"—where, we can only conjecture; possibly in the temple area. That would be a congregating place for beggars. And when, is equally uncertain, only that it was on a Sabbath day. But these are unimportant points; the significant fact is that "passing by, he saw" the blind beggar. Others had doubtless glanced at him, but to them he was a blind beggar, and nothing more. To Jesus he meant an object of pity and a claimant for mercy. He took in the situation; he saw him.

(V. 2.) Something in their Master's manner, also, arrested the disciples' attention. They "saw" the blind man; but even then he was of interest only as a theological problem. How came he so? Had he, somehow, been guilty of sin before birth, which, as the angels, or was he the luckless victim on whose head parental sins were meeting?

(V. 3.) There was a third explanation, hidden from selfishness, but open to love. The calamity had been permitted, not as a rebuke to some specific wrong-doing of the sufferer or his parents, but because through this God desired and purposed to accomplish a work which should be for the blessing of all concerned.

(V. 4.) And then, as if musing on his disciples' half-hearted sympathy with humanity, and their sluggish movements toward that relief which he calls to them up to the occasion by the admonition, "We must be at the business which the Father has sent me to do, and for which I have chosen you. The night is drawing near. Our opportunities are fast passing. Soon, very soon, they will pass, and we shall be beyond work." While the day lasts I must be working; for,

(V. 5.) Whenever I am in the world, I am the Light of the World.

(V. 6.) So speaking, he proceeds to that special exercise of his office. With the same spirit which led him to call for the five loaves and two fishes, he now takes the materials at hand, and so employs them that they may go as far as they can in the healing work; he that, much, or little, or none—into these, by methods of his own, he infuses an energy all unknown.

(V. 7.) Then, with a like intent, as Naaman was sent to wash in the Jordan, Jesus sends this blind beggar to the pool of Siloam, that in that flowing spring—symbol, as the apostle suggests, of him who was the "Sent" of God, the true fountain for sin and uncleanness—the clay may be washed off, and with it the blindness which had been a life-long misery. So he did, and with the result to be expected. He went down into the pool blind, he came out seeing, looking for the first time upon that world which his Heavenly Father had made, a world wherein, through this new-born sight, all things were new.

(Vs. 8, 9.) His return occasions wonder and questioning, for sight must have wrought a transforming change upon those stolid features. Some recognized, others were amazed; he himself set all doubts at rest—"I am he!"

(Vs. 10, 11.) Then the questions poured in upon him: "How?" "By whom?" So he told them.

(V. 12.) "Whereabouts is he," they demanded; some, perhaps, with vague curiosity, some, it may be, with hope of receiving a similar boon for themselves or their friends; and others, doubtless, with unfriendly purpose, to make trouble for the man who had not hesitated to use the Sabbath for his healing work.

(Vs. 13-34.) Then follows the colloquy between the healed man and the Pharisees, in which he successfully resists their efforts to discredit the cure, belittles the process, and prove the Healer to be an impostor or a villain. The light shone in the darkness, but the darkness neither appreciated, nor, on the other hand, overcame the light. For it is to be noted how steadily, as indicated in his replies, the restored man's spiritual development. He was at first (V. 11) "the man that is called Jesus," because to him, after listening while he talked to the Pharisees (V. 18) "a prophet"; and later on, the (V. 32) man who held such relations to God that he was able to do what no one, from the beginning of the world, had been able to effect. The result again in the Pharisees is characteristic of the defenders of a bad cause. With revilings they thrust him out of doors.

(V. 35.) The fact comes to Jesus' hearing, and stirs his heart with sympathetic love. He goes out to find the martyr, finds him, and accosts him. It was the healed man's first vision of his deliverer. We can perhaps imagine his emotions, and especially when, in well-remembered accents, he asks,

(V. 36.) "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" The quick response shows how vigorously the plant of faith has grown under persecution. Whoever his deliverer may declare to be the object of his adoring trust he is ready to receive. Such confidence has the Lord been able to inspire.

(V. 37.) He stands before him, and he said, "I believe, Lord. And he worshipped him"; not the formal salutation to an earthly superior, but the obeisance of the heart to the supreme God. A crude and untrained faith it doubtless was, but true and loyal, and being in itself "the promise and the potency" of the eternal life.

(V. 38.) It was a moment of joy to Jesus, but shot through with pain as he looked around upon the people gathered there, and contrasted the general unbelief with the solitary faith of this poor man. And his words have in them the solemn tones of funeral bells, as he declares again how he is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, for the revealing of the thoughts of many hearts. The blind were enlightened by him, but the proud who thought they were so wise recoiled from him in denser darkness.

(Vs. 40, 41.) It called forth a supercilious demand from the Pharisees, and a more crushing rebuke. They had condemned themselves; they had no cloak for their sin.

One of the thoughts most deeply and growingly impressed upon my mind as I study this gospel is our Lord's constant recollection of his mission. It is continually appearing, and it takes form from every passing event. By Jacob's well he thinks of himself as the Water of Life; when feeding the multitude he is "the Bread of Life." Passing by that blind beggar, he muses: "The darkness in which he is held is but a symbol of the woe of the condition of the whole human race—blind alike to the source of their misery and to its relief, sin and ignorance working together to perpetuate the woe, but I am the 'Light of the World.'" These are illustrations of a man's consciousness, ever present and ready to declare itself. But, as the Father sent him into the world, even so does the Son send all his disciples into the world. What, then, is my mission? What am I here for? Opportunities are continually springing up along my way—opportunities for making something, or for doing something, for getting advantages out of others, or for putting something valuable into the lives of others? And if this last, then what is the boon I seem to myself commissioned to bestow upon my fellow-men? Let me turn the sentence thus upon my own life and motives as often as I read, "When I am in the world, I am the Light of the World."

2. It is noteworthy, too, that the curative force in this work of healing went out from the life of Jesus; went out from it, and drew upon its energies. "In him was life, and the life was the light of man." It was not the clay-going thing which is often thought for him to perform these wonderful deeds. They were

"signs," all of them, as we have had occasion to remind ourselves. They all breathed the spirit of Gethsemane and Calvary, and with equal certainty, they drew upon "the strength of his life." This cure of the blind man, e. g., easily wrought, as it seems, involved such a drain upon his energies. And so that whole complex work by which the darkness is scattered, and heaven's light is shed abroad. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." "The true light, coming into the world, enlightens every man." His life of faith and filial devotion; his teachings, which interpreted that life and brought "the powers of the world to come" to view; his sacrificial sufferings, as the foundation on which pardon and recovery could be built; and that Comforter, whose cheering, sanctifying energy is exerted directly upon the darkened mind—all these light-giving forces involve the very life of their Giver. That which he imparts is not only his own, but himself.

3. Very instructive, too, are the methods suggested by the Incarnate Word in his "signs." Here, for example, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the blind eyes, and bade the beggar go to the pool of Siloam and wash. Several points here seem to be significant: (1) The use of instrumentalities in effecting the cure. These several steps were not, of course, needed as aids to the miracle, only as the "mighty work" was also a "sign." They were of value to the man, and were used for the sake of their moral impression. They were points on which the man's nascent faith might lay hold for support; they gave him time for reflection; and so they would tend to fix the spiritual lessons more firmly in his mind.

4. The "signs" were also a preparation for him for further teaching. Spatially, I think that the errand to the pool of Siloam, the symbolism of which must have been afterwards explained to him, would tend to draw him more closely to the personal Saviour, and make the mission of the One sent of God more clear. (2) But the instruments chosen seem suggestive. The spittle and the clay were doubtless common remedies for some diseases of the eye, and so, on the principle of honoring common things, rather than contemptuously thrusting them aside, their employment in this case may perhaps be explained. But is it not possible that the choice may rest upon a deeper foundation? May not Jesus, with these homely—nay, to cultivated minds, even then, vulgar—adjuncts, have been coming down to that low life, meeting it upon its own plane, and accepting anything not sinful as a justifiable expedient for arresting attention and opening a door for the gospel? Would there not be, moreover, something specially significant in the use of the clay and the spittle as symbols; the one, of that common, coarse life of unregenerate humanity; the other, of that redeeming Word which has condescended to that life? May there not, possibly, be something significant in the fact that spittle is secretion of the mouth, and that it is the condition of speech? Can this account, in part, for the special indignity of spitting upon one; that it would seem to carry with it every opprobrious epithet? And, should there be anything substantial in these speculations, then have we not in this act a parable setting forth the divine Word becoming flesh and dwelling among men, and their salvation? And then, would not the washing in Siloam be also symbolical of the Spirit's cleansing of such as have obeyed the directions of the Word? And another bearing of the act would be upon special measures for meeting special classes with saving light. Some people, as Mr. Beecher once said, live in the parlor, some in the dining-room, and some in the kitchen; and he proposed to put the gospel into such forms, and employ such methods, as would enable him to get at the people, wherever they live, and make that gospel intelligible and attractive, whatever their grade of life. Is it not a lesson instructive for winners of souls to-day? This, as I understand it, is the theory on which the Salvation Army works; and as a theory, certainly, it seems to be correct. Do we not need to study new methods for making the old gospel attractive and powerful over the men of our times?

4. Note, too, the gradualness of the Saviour's method, in enlightening the man who is full of encouragement for our times as well. Let it arouse hope, then, and stimulate prayerful effort as we find this one sometimes in church, and that one more careful of speech, and another showing signs of growing sobriety or manliness. Even if the light does not come as rapidly as we could wish, let us not be impatient. The day does not dawn all at once. Let it comfort us if some little faint streaks of light appear, and let us cherish them as heralds of the sunrise.

5. On the other side, too, see how that blind beggar responded to the approaches of his Friend; how he did the things he was told to do, and saw; how the honest use of the light he had was rewarded with more light, clearer convictions, bolder avowals; and finally the full day-dawn of salvation in Christian confession and worship. No matter, brother, what your present standing may be, nor how thick the clouds which enshroud your soul, go on your way along, if you must; but be true to the light which you do have. Do not smother your convictions beneath worldly interests. If the Lord be to you as yet only a good man, say so, and hold your position among any rabble crew who would defame him. If he is the Lord, let it hold you true to this position. And if, as you study that matchless life, you are impelled to say, "None ever spoke or did as this; the Christ could do no more," then fearlessly follow out that belief; and we will pray that soon the full glory of our Incarnate Lord may dawn upon you, and with the sight the grace of "Let us believe" will bow in the joyous worship of a soul fully saved. For "to as many as receive him to them he gives the right to become the children of God."

6. But how sad is the picture which this story also presents of light, the divine Light even, shining upon a darkness which will not be illumined! That was the sin of the Jewish party then. It is a calamity which crops up in the life of many minds to-day, and it is fearful to know more than we are willing to put in practice, for it gives one over to a death and a blindness from which there is no recovery. But there is a ray of comfort which shoots even athwart the gloom of this picture. The light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness overcame it not. The redeeming life shall not be in vain. The powers of evil shall not quench the good, or Satan pluck those whom the Father calls, out of the saving hands of Christ. Let us be assured of that.

7. And let us understand, too, that for the extension of Christ's salvation there is no human force like the witness of a transformed life, and the testimony of a saved sinner. Reasoning without this evidence can never avail for conviction. A very slight additional proof is sufficient where this is clear; for it is the unanswerable argument appealing alike to the cultured and the rude. When some one in the presence of Diogenes was denying the possibility of motion, the old philosopher simply rose and walked about. But the man's reasonings were valueless after that. And when a truthful man asserts, "Whereas I was blind, now I see," nothing more is to be said. And when the sight is before men's eyes of unclean lives made pure, and proud men made humble, loving and gentle, and Jesus is witnessed to as the author, the case is closed.

To try too hard to make people good is one way to make them worse; the only way to make good is to be good, remembering well the beam and the mote. The time for speaking comes rarely; the time for being never departs. —Macdonald.

OUR ENLARGED CITY AND OUR CITY GOVERNMENT.—I.

BY REV. H. V. ROMINGER.

The world over there is no problem which more strongly engages the attention of thoughtful men than the growth of large cities, their government, and the conditions of human life in them. This is the question which, for the past few months, has been uppermost in the minds of the people of consolidated Portland.

We have suddenly enlarged our numbers, we have defeated bossism and rebuked corruption and political incompetency at the polls. There are before us larger responsibilities and opportunities. After these splendid efforts and good beginning, the future alone will decide whether the expectations and promises of the hour shall be realized.

Unless this auspicious beginning is followed up by persistent and unremitting efforts on the part of all good citizens, little will be accomplished by this suddenly aroused public conscience and the enthusiasm and congratulations of the hour. It is a question of fundamental importance—the condition of our great and growing cities. The city has ever been, in ancient and modern times, a controlling factor in civilization, religion and government, and it is more so to-day than ever before. The great cities of Babylon and Nineveh were the centers of those ancient world empires of Chaldea and Assyria that subjugated Western Asia, destroyed the Hebrew state; and had they not been checked by Alexander the Great would have made European civilization Asiatic.

Thebes, the hundred-gated city of Homer, was the seat of the splendor and power of Egypt. Here her armies were marshalled, and here her kings built those stupendous monuments that are the amazement of the modern world.

In the city of Rome were concentrated all the wealth and power of the Roman Empire, and also all the vices, and it was the corruption of the city and its subjection to rings and bosses that led to the final overthrow of the empire.

Paris represents France, and very largely the nation. London is the nerve center of the British Empire, on whose territory the sun never sets. In Berlin are concentrated the military and intellectual power that have made Germany the leader of Europe. The great cities of America are becoming more and more the controlling force in our national life. Here the best and worst elements of our society are concentrated. To save the cities, is to save the country and the world. The population that gathers in our cities is a representative population, fermenting, intellectual, eager, ready for infidelity, ready for Christianity, ready for any and every word. Christianity has ever formed its best nesting places in great cities. Christ spent the greater part of his public ministry in the cities of the Galilee and in Jerusalem. Primitive Christianity conquered first the cities of the Roman Empire.

The great letters of Paul were written to city churches. The seven epistles to the seven churches of Asia were written to city churches. In the ancient cities, allegiance was first won to the cross of Christ. The pagans were pagan—people who lived in the villages; the heathen were heath-dwellers—people that lived in the country; the Christians were the residents of the cities.

In Germany the cities kindled at the touch of Luther. In the Netherlands the cities supplied the means to fight the Duke of Alva; in England the cities answered to the preaching of the Franciscan friars, and prepared the way, first, for the Protestant Reformation, and then for the revolution, and to-day in the cities of France the McAll Mission gathers its converts to a Protestant and progressive Christianity.

We must strike for the great cities if the world is ever to be taken for Christ. As the cities go, so the nation goes, so the world goes. America is to have many great cities—perhaps greater cities than have ever yet been on earth, for population is being rapidly concentrated in the cities.

Portland has started on a new career, and will be the future great city of Oregon and the Pacific Northwest. The fate of our country, of our free institutions and civilization, will be very largely decided by our cities. The fate of the ancient kingdom of Judah was decided by the downfall of Jerusalem, and the downfall of Jerusalem was the result of corrupt city government, controlled by rings and bosses. The social, civil, commercial and military life of Judah gathered more and more about her capital city. Her kings had fortified and beautified it with palaces. The temple was God's dwelling-place, and righteousness had once reigned in Jerusalem. But later on, peacocks, apes, shoddy wealth and Damascus altars had come into the city and corrupted its religion and morality. Fashion, exchange, and heathen altars occupied the attention of the citizens. The Hebrews had committed to them the problems of a great city for solution. They failed to come up to the requirements of the issues, and have passed on many of them unsolved to our day.

Professor Bryce's description of the government of some of the cities of the American commonwealth might have been gathered, in a large degree, from materials furnished from Jeremiah and the historians of Israel, concerning the city of Jerusalem in its last days, and would, perhaps, have saved the expense of copyright here, and averted his libel suit on the chapters containing a descrip-

tion of the Tweed ring in New York city.

There were rings and gangs in possession of the government of Jerusalem during its last days, when Nebuchadnezzar invaded the land, similar to those that have robbed and plundered American cities. At the instigation of the bosses who controlled that ancient city of Judah, Zedekiah, the last king, had the royal chaplain Jeremiah put into a rotten dungeon. The prophet did not like the politics and practices of the aldermen of Jerusalem, and he said so. He paid the penalty of his devotion to the people's interests and God's interests by imprisonment.

In all times and places, prophets and reformers have appeared, and popular uprisings, like that we have just witnessed in our own city, have withered corruption and fraud. As Abraham Lincoln said: "You can deceive the people once; you can deceive the people twice; but you cannot deceive all the people all the time."

The American people are most patient and long-suffering, and in many of our cities for years the people have been deluded, and deceived, and misgoverned by rings and bosses who have exploited the city for their private profit; have used the police and fire department for corruption purposes, as we had the humiliation of witnessing at our last municipal election; have diverted public funds, and have battered away the people's rights; have given away to private corporations or individuals most valuable franchises in the use of public streets without any adequate compensation to the city, as has been done in Portland, if common reports are true, and as it is proposed to continue to do, unless there be enough public spirit and patriotism on the part of the citizens to prevent, by timely protest and indignation, the consummation of such calamity. And there are encouraging signs that the people of our city are awakening to a realizing sense of the situation and the necessity of a clean, honest, municipal government. Such was the meaning and honest endeavor of our late city election.

Half a century ago, De Tocqueville, the French statesman, warned Americans that one of the greatest perils to their free institutions lay in their great cities. Quarter of a century ago, Professor Lieber told Americans that the greatest problem of democracy, if not of civilization, was that of the government of great cities; and two years ago, Professor Bryce of Oxford, in his great work on the "American Commonwealth," said, "There is no denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States." But we must solve this problem. We are squarely and forever committed to democracy on this continent, and American democracy must accept the responsibility of managing and successfully and righteously governing our cities. Popular government in America is now being tested, and it will be more severely tested in the future than ever before for hardihood and constancy in right conduct by the fruits it produces in our crowded and ever multiplying city populations. It is a hard test, but it is a fair test, and it must be made; for the future of our country, and it would seem, of the world, is going to belong to the industrial city, and any means of government which does not suit it will not suit society at all.

The modern industrial city has come to stay, and democracy must solve the problem of its government, just as monarchy must elsewhere; the city is to condition the success of all civilized governments.

(To be continued.)

AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS PACIFIC: We are now having our vacation, but between missionary meetings, etc., we kept up our services to the very last. Mrs. E. S. Williams invited us to the former. First, she gave us of the Ladies' Missionary Society an informal talk, and advised us to get up a public missionary meeting, which we did and a good one it was, on missionary work in Oregon, a paper by Mrs. W. H. Morrow, our President, and addresses by Mrs. Williams and Rev. Cephas Clapp. Then our Y. P. S. C. E. had a meeting on foreign missions. Cur Y. P. S. C. E. also treated themselves to a literary and social treat for one evening, having papers on the Early History of Congregationalism and "Mission Work," by Miss Lyman and Mrs. F. R. Cook, and a talk on Congregational belief by Mr. W. H. Morrow. This, with refreshments and a social at the close, wound up our year's work.

During the vacation we have been treated to some fine things by visitors from abroad—Dr. Lyman of Brooklyn, Mr. Bridgman of North Hampton, Mass., Dr. Hensen of Chicago, and others, all of which does us much good. Really, it pays to stay at home during August, as it is the month when we may expect such treats. The summer has been remarkably favorable for visitors, frequent showers keeping down the fires and consequent smoke that so often obscures our August landscape.

I have been reading some, too, and give a few things. Have you ever read "Cesar's Column"? One must, if he has not read the new phase of finance and social ideas lately evolved by the new conditions of society, be prepared, not to be disgusted because it attacks one's preconceived ideas, or because he may have a prejudice against Ignatius Donnelly, the author, but patiently and carefully read it through, in order to understand a book which represents a new movement, for this book has already reached a great circulation, and with

Mrs. Emery's book, "Seven Financial Conspiracies," had much to do in elections in Kansas and other States. The question, in reading such a book, is not, "Does it agree with my preconceived ideas?" but "Is there truth in it?" "Cesar's Column," read in this spirit, cannot fail of attracting one's attention to several problems of surpassing and vital interest to us just now—questions that, if ignored, may actually bring about the frightful catastrophe depicted there.

I have also been reading statements from Dr. Josiah Strong, the author of "Our Country." Probably, Dr. Strong and Ignatius Donnelly would not stand on the same platform, and yet they agree on this one point—that the church is missing a glorious opportunity by her failure to comprehend the present situation, and that she must open her eyes, or the good cause will be temporarily overthrown. It can truly be said of these years now passing, that the destiny of not alone our own land, but the world for hundreds of years, hangs on the action of the church of God just now. This is a quotation from Dr. Strong: "The greatest need of the modern church is a larger concept of Christianity. We need to go back to Christ and his methods. It was two-fold—Godward, and manward. He laid down two rules: Love God supremely, and your neighbor as your self. There is no solution of the social problems except just to do this; to do it in the large way that will reach all who need our help. But the church, beginning in a world of idolaters, from the necessities of the case, fell into this groove of thought that emphasized the First Commandment, almost to the exclusion of the last, until it has come about that much of the good done, is without the co-operation of the church, and even against its practical opposition. It was so in the slavery reform, it is so in the temperance movement, it is so on the woman question. While the leaders in all these movements were nurtured in the church, the leaders in the church held back the other leaders whom their own system developed by the spirit of the Lord. The church is not rising to the level of its privilege to save men here and now. The church had no right to fall behind as it did until this generation, and let skeptics become the specialists in the study of ameliorated social conditions."

Rousseau, La Salle, Karl Marx, Louis Blanc, Proudhon—these men, disavowing Christianity, flung themselves into the vortex of human misery, and have become loved by the masses, as Christian leaders are not loved. There was no need of this. It was precisely contrary to the declared will of Him who went about doing good. Christ says the second law is like unto the first—love God, love man. The church fails in large measure because she ignores the full vitality of the second law; socialists fail because they ignore the first.

A man ought to be interested in politics, not simply as a patriot, but as a Christian, which is the highest evolution of his intelligence and interest. In sanitary affairs he ought to be interested, not as a medical man, not as a citizen, but as a Christian; for the greater includes the less. It breaks my heart to see that word "humanitarian" differentiated from that glorious phrase, "a disciple of Christ." What could more clearly show that the church has not understood her commission? Speaking of the evils of sectarianism in the churches, he says: "In the body of Christ we see the anomaly of hand and foot, thumb and finger, jealous of each other, and even entering into competition instead of each making the other more effective. The church militant will never conquer the world until it ceases to be a mob and becomes an army. Dr. Strong states clearly the failure of the church to get hold of the masses of the people through their indifference and lack of the true spirit of Christ. I read that at a socialist meeting the name of the church was greeted with hisses, but that of Christ with applause! Does not this give a hint of the reason why so many, especially young men, do not come into the churches?

The frightful picture of universal atheism depicted in "Cesar's Column" can only be prevented from becoming a reality by the churches casting aside all sectarian differences, all pomp of wealth, all alliance with the "world, the flesh and the devil," go back to the gospel that Christ taught, and live much more largely according to his spirit.

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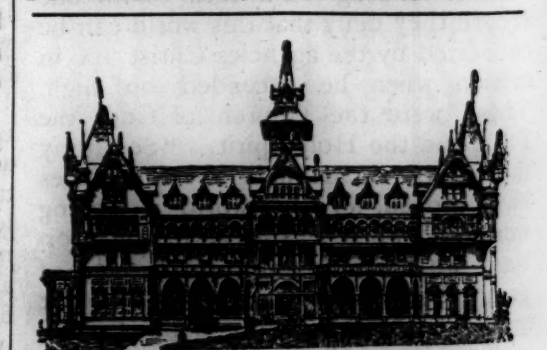
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Home Circle.

It Pays.

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth;
To note with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive, with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart
And "let the sunshine in."

—Good Cheer.

TILL DEATH SHALL PART.

I have heard it said that to write well on a subject, one must know nothing of that subject except by theory. If lack of knowledge is needful to write well upon the subject of marriage, then I can only write ill, for I am married.

I do want, however, to say a few words in favor of marriage, so much seems to be written against it, and when I consider the infelicity of some wedded couples, I cannot wonder at it. There is one fact, however, that impresses itself more and more vividly upon me, and that is this: Persons happily married cannot candidly write against that which they know very greatly augments their own happiness. Therefore, when I find people talking against marriage, I arrive at one of three conclusions—the person is unhappily married, or is not married at all and is expressing a theory, or the views presented are not candid.

Now, why not look at the matter fairly? I think there are very few girls so foolish as to expect an unclouded life, even when married to the man of their choice. There may be some such. I am glad that I do not know many girls of that stamp.

I advocate marriage, though I hardly dare say it, but I do not advocate a thoughtless assuming of the marriage ties. There are so many cautions, so much said about the seriousness of the step, that a girl's mind is apt to become filled with forebodings, and she wonders if all men are brutes—if none of them are to be trusted. I know at least of one girl who was so strongly influenced by these croakings against marriage that she made herself and her lover miserable for years, before she could quite consent to name the day. The time was set vaguely for spring or fall, or some other time, but was put off and put off, for one reason or another, until the patient lover decided that patience had had its perfect work, and would admit of no further delay, and the two were married. Their married life is an ideal one. They work very hard, but the hours spent together are happy ones. They are both human—both commonplace. There are trials and differences of opinion, but beneath it all, and beyond it all, is the strong course of true love, whose flow is all the stronger and sweeter, because of obstacles to be overcome, faults to be overlooked, forbearance to be practised. Want may come in at the door, but love need not fly out at the window. Indeed, love is the one sweet gift which the rich cannot monopolize nor money buy.

I have heard married women say, "If I had never married, if I were free, I never would marry." It may be possible that these women are just a little to blame if the lover has been entirely lost in the husband, though to the wife that name husband ought to be the sweetest one on earth.

I don't advocate marriage as a panacea for all ills. I think many of life's gravest mistakes are made when people marry. I sometimes wonder why it is that so many miserable marriages are made. It seems as if they might be better, but this can never be until one considers the relation practically and prayerfully. If lovers quarrel before marriage, I can see no reason why they will not do the same afterwards. People who are quite opposite in temperaments, are usually more congenial than those of like characteristics.

There may be such a thing as love at first sight, but I believe that this grand passion is more frequently of slow growth than otherwise. The fact that love comes slowly is more for it than against it. Jonah's gourd grew up in a night and perished; it had grown so rapidly it had no corresponding strength, so could not bear the vehement east wind. It is the same with the spontaneous passion misnamed love. Its growth is too rapid, and it cannot endure the "east winds" of common trials, in common-place life. Never flatter yourself that your life will be an uncommon one, an exception to the general rule. Marry, but by all means use as much thought in regard to the matter as you would give to the selection of a new bonnet. You take a good many things into consideration when you visit your milliner; certainly, when choosing a life-long companion, you should use as much common sense.

People should be well acquainted before they marry, and before they agree to marry. They should know each other not only in company dress and manners, but in common-place dress, and under the test of common-place cares, and even when knowing each other as

well as possible, marriage will reveal traits of character never suspected in a previous acquaintance. Remember altar you take the vow "for better or for worse," "till death," not divorce, "shall part." Then if you find it is for "better," well and good, but if experience proves it is "for worse," your vow still holds, and you are bound to "love and cherish."

I believe it would be for "better," nine times out of ten, providing both parties were fully determined it should be so. Avoid the first quarrel as you would avoid a draught of deadly poison. Be one in the purpose of living together pleasantly. Never lay aside the courtesies you practised in courtship. Let each one be ready to yield to the wishes of the other, and, my word for it, the little plant you called love when you married will be like a tree planted beside the waters, stretching forth broad branches of peace and good will, budding and blossoming, and bringing forth fruit.—Anon.

WHERE RICHES ARE A BLESSING.

We are too prone to measure a woman's worth by her condition in life. Only last week I saw the wife of a well-known New York millionaire enter one of the great hospitals of the town. After a bit, curiosity tempted me to follow, and for two hours I watched that woman going through the wards of the sick, dispensing here some dainty from a maid's basket, there a smile, and again a cheery word. All the patients knew her, and in a dozen instances did I see the stricken sufferers kiss her ungloved hand in gratitude, and close their eyes as a silent little prayer went up for this woman who, so bountifully blessed herself, did not forget that there were others less fortunate. And this is not an exceptional case, but one which you can see in the hospitals and institutions of the great cities of our land almost every day. Many a millionaire's wife is today sustaining the hands of the noble band of women who are striving to bring sunny spots in the lives of our working girls. Of course, there are women of vast worldly means who live within themselves, regardless of the want which exists at their very doors. But because such women—fewer than the average woman believes—unfortunately exist, it is unfair to judge all rich women alike. Because the church has within its doors people who it would be better were they on the outside, is no criterion by which to judge the thousands of God-sainted men and women who are benedictions to the world at large. Too little credit is given the wealthy classes for the good which is often done with the riches at their command.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

SLEEP.

Rev. De Witt Talmage says there is not one man or woman in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. "All those stories written about great men and women who slept only three or four hours a night make very interesting reading, but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever yet kept healthy in body and mind a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylum so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you can get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. Give us time, after you call us, to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap."

AN HONORED SERVANT.—A supple, stalwart, and devoted servant whom the queen procured from India years ago, and who began to take the place of the famous John Brown about the time of the jubilee, is now her majesty's faithful and almost inseparable attendant. A London correspondent says: "Stalwart but supple, gifted with the courtly dignity that comes natural alike to the well-bred Hindoo or Mohammedan, he has also the gentleness of a woman and the reverence of a child. To him the sovereign is more than the queen of Great Britain. She is also empress of nearly three hundred millions of his fellow-subjects in India. Anyhow, his qualities have commended him to her majesty as a suitable personal attendant. Hence he now rides at the back of the queen's carriage, he leads her pony, he is ever by her side ready to fetch or carry, and, greatest honor of all, he is permitted to lend his arm to support his royal mistress's steps when she is weary or the way is difficult, or the injured knee troubles some."

TO JERUSALEM BY RAIL.—The first section of the little railroad which is to connect Jaffa with Jerusalem has been completed, and tourists are now able to travel by rail from Jaffa to Ramleh, about one-third the distance. It will not be very long before pilgrims to the Holy Land will be whisked in an hour from the sea to Jerusalem, to the great disgust of camel-owners and stage proprietors. But it will be very comfortable for tourists, who are thus spared the aches and ills which that notoriously bad stretch of road has always imposed.—*New York Sun*.

GLEANINGS.

The only laudable ambition is the ambition to please God. The only laudable desire for greatness is the desire to be great in heaven.—*Nashville Advocate*.

No man should be so much taken up in the search of truth as thereby to neglect the more necessary duties of active life; for after all is done, it is action only that gives a true value and commendation to virtue.—*Cicero*.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter"—is the unwearied language of God in his providence. He will have credit every step. He will not assign reasons, because he will exercise faith.—*Cal.*

Wrestling addeth strength to arms and body; praying and praying again strengtheneth faith; customary running lengtheneth the breadth; by much praying faith is well breathed. Jacob is stronger in the morning when he hath prayed a whole night.—*Rutherford*.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No; it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life—this only can give us a true Christian power.—*Bushnell*.

A humble knowledge of yourself is a surer way to God than profound scientific research. Learning, however, when considered in itself, or knowledge upon any subject, is not to be disparaged; for it is good, and ordained of God. But what is meant is that a good conscience and a virtuous life are always to be preferred to it. Many strive more to become learned than to become good; and the consequence is that they often go astray, and bring forth little or no results from their labors. Oh, if men were as diligent in uprooting vices and planting virtues as they are in starting questions, there would not be so many evils and scandals in the world as there are, nor so much laxness among religious persons. Certainly, when the day of judgment comes, we shall not be asked what we have done; nor how well we have spoken, but how religiously we have lived.—*A Kempis*.

WOMEN AS BEE-KEEPERS.

Bee-keeping offers to women an agreeable, healthful and lucrative employment, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*. While there may be no fortunes in bee-keeping, except to the few, yet to all there is, usually, satisfactory reward for labor and money expended. Women ought to be better bee-keepers than men, for they have, usually, a gentler, finer touch than men. The qualifications of a bee-keeper are gentleness, patience, absence of fear and perfect command of self. Fear must be overcome or concealed. It may be present at first, but usually gives place to confidence after a little experience. The theory that bees instinctively select some persons as natural enemies has no foundation in fact. In an ordinary season, a colony of bees, by the non-swarming, double-hive system, will produce not less than fifty pounds of money, often seventy-five and a hundred pounds. This honey, if properly marketed, will bring the producer twenty cents a pound. One person, with occasional help, may attend to one hundred colonies if comb-honey be the product. If extracted honey be the object, assistance will be required in extracting the honey.

Though millions of pounds of honey are produced every year, yet honey is practically unknown to the great body of the people. There are abandoned farms north, east, south and west, and there are tons of honey on these farms running to waste; and at the same time there are thousands of women, pinched by want, wearied by toil, who could earn on these farms, with the help of the bees, more than they earn now, and be comfortable and contented.

IN CASE OF A NEIGHBOR'S SICKNESS.—1. Call and see if any assistance is needed, and do whatever you can.

2. Send word to the pastor.

3. Explain the matter to the groups of children in the neighborhood, and ask them to help by playing elsewhere than in front of the sick person's house.

4. Call at the door often to inquire. Don't tell of somebody else, who had the same disease, and died; or how the doctor failed in another case. Say words that cheer and brighten the mind. Quote a promise—it may prevent a funeral.

5. In your devotions ask the Great Physician to bless the sick, and help those who are burdened by necessary cares.

More lives are governed by tact than by force. More hearts are softened by sympathy than by fire.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.—The price of a Bible in the time of Edward I was thirty-seven pounds. The hire of a laborer then was three-pence a day. Suppose such a person wished to buy a Bible. It would take the earnings of 4,800 days, or thirteen years and fifty-five days to obtain a Bible; or, excluding the Sundays, more than fifteen years and three months of constant labor. Think of that! Now, ten thousand copies are printed, published and packed by the Bible Society every day. And I sometimes think, when I see the Bible carelessly handled or treated with thoughtless irreverence or indifference, "Ah, you don't know the treasure that book contains, or you would use it differently."

Household.

MEDICAL QUALITIES OF FOOD.

The medical properties of some foods are as definite as their nutritive, and as reliable as those of drugs; indeed, the pharmacopoeia includes the following so-called foods in its list of official drugs: Asparagus, cabbage, carrots, dandelion, endive, garlic, Indian corn, leeks, lettuce, mushrooms, parsnips, sweet-potatoes, sorrel, seaweeds, tomatoes, the cereals, spices, sweet herbs, sugar, honey, molasses, the various berries, the oily nuts, animal fats, eggs, oysters, many kinds of fish, nearly all fruits and their jellies and juices, the wines, cordials, and spirits, the condiments, and salt especially, without which life is insipid, indeed. In their order the dietetic qualities of the condiments will be considered, and the special action of various food in connection with the recipes given for preparing them.

Just as common salt is indispensable to the health of cattle, the salts of potash present in vegetables and fruits are important to man. The good health of many vegetarians is due to this substance.

The cookery of vegetables largely affects their dietetic value, and mistresses should instruct their cooks as to the proper ways of treating these important foods. In the first place, the most strict attention should be paid to cleansing them thoroughly from dust, sand and injurious worms and insects; careful washing in plenty of cold salted water, with a brush or cloth, will suffice for roots, and careful examination of the leaves of succulent plants; the latter should be left blossom end down in enough salted cold water to cover them for at least an hour. This will generally destroy all parasite life, so that the small creatures will fall of their own weight to the bottom of the water, unless enfolded between the leaves; therefore cabbage, lettuce, etc., should be carefully inspected before cooking. Soft water in cooking will so far soften the tissues of vegetables as to extract much of their juices and valuable salts, unless salt is added to it; and the boiling of peeled vegetables withdraws much of their potash, the value of which we shall presently see. French cooks, having first thoroughly cleansed them, will save the water in which they have been boiled for sauces and soups. We would suggest moderate salting, and then have the water used in making the white sauce usually served with vegetables.

The persistent loss of potash from food predisposes the system to attacks of gout, rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia. All similar diseases, including the painful flat-stones, are caused by an excess of lithic acid in the blood. This acid can be reduced in quantity by the use of the vegetable acids combined with potash. Primarily, the combination of the acid and alkali in the system is associated with the process of destructive assimilation, the elimination of the waste products of life. Life itself is the active presence in the body of the elements of food, chief of which are carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen, which enter into the composition of all animal and vegetable substances.

The fact must be understood that while the mineral acids are injurious to health, the vegetable acids are wholesome. We rely chiefly upon fruits to supply the latter, and they also contain considerable quantities of potash, which is sometimes artificially supplied in the treatment of the lithic acid diathesis, the condition of the system that causes rheumatism and kindred diseases; for instance, the addition of as much potash as can be held upon a ten-cent piece to the juice of a lemon in a glass of water is an admirable beverage for use in any of these troubles.

Lemons and grapes among fruits contain the most potash. The natural combination is potash with tartaric acid in grapes; with citric acid in lemons, limes, shaddock or grape fruit and all the oranges; with malic acid in apples; with lactic acid in milk, etc.

Cream of tartar is the tartaric acid of grapes, and may be used in water, with sugar as a substitute for grape juice. It is the substitution of mineral acid for those of fruits and vegetables that is so injurious to health; for instances, sulphuric acid in wine and vinegar for the natural fruit acid.

In cooking, potash may be added to the acid fruits in small quantities to neutralize their acids and economize sugar; this is often done in stewing gooseberries and rhubarb. The most succulent vegetables contain the greatest proportion of potash, such as lettuce, spinach, etc.; as some must be lost in boiling, it is advisable to eat as many uncooked salads as the appetite demands.

In addition to potash, acid and other salts, fruits contain a substance called pectin, which is the basis of the jellies made from them with sugar; such vegetables as carrots, turnips and parsnips also contain pectin, a condition of which unscrupulous manufacturers avail themselves in sophisticating jellies for the trade. The so-called fruit-jams of the American local trade are adulterated in this way; the apple butter is largely made of pumpkin and turnip pulp.—*Juliet Corson in Harper's Bazar*.

Desire to have both your fashions and your stuffs from heaven. The robe of humility, the garment of meekness, will be sent you. Wear them for his sake who sends them to you. He will be pleased to see you in them; and is this not enough?—*Leigh-ton*.

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PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P.M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.

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Wednesday, September 2, 1891.

The problem of the Jew is unceasing, and just now full of surprises, and sorrows, and queries. We have been interested in an account of another Rabbi, besides Rabinowitz, in Southern Russia. The latter, it will be remembered, was baptized. The other, Lichtenstein, still retains his position in the Hebrew body. He was past middle life when he came to see that Jesus is the Messiah of his people. He has published two pamphlets, and he earnestly preaches the divine mission of Christ. The following passage has been lately quoted in an exchange as showing the temper of this disciple. Jesus, he says, is "the pillar and ground of the truth, the most glorious buttress of heaven, the proudest ornament of creation, the most noble Son of man who ever walked the earth, incarnate righteousness, the Saviour, the Messiah of the world. He has, through his holy life and sacrificial death, made it to be seen on earth that even the Son of man, in his weak and fragile frame, can be heavenly righteous, high-minded, even to self-sacrifice, compassionate even to the utmost limit, gracious, long-suffering, of boundless grace and faithfulness—a man of God like to God already upon the earth."

The civil war in Chili has ended with the triumph of the Congressional party. Santiago, the capital, is in their hands, and Balmaceda has fled. The fighting last week around Valparaiso was fierce, and thousands on both sides were killed. But it was vain to resist the insurgents under General Canto. The leading Government generals were killed; that army was left without leaders, and soon surrendered. The houses of several officials have been burned by the mob, Balmaceda's among them, and several officials have been tried by court martial and shot; but the country seems to be quieting down rapidly, and the people are gladly accepting the new regime. We are glad the war has ended, and ended as it has, with the triumph of the party now in power. Mr. Ricardo Trumbull, an envoy of that party in this country, and a graduate of Yale College, in an article in *Harper's Weekly* of August 22d, gives abundant reason to prove that Balmaceda, the dictator, and his tyrannical government should be overthrown.

There was once in this vicinity a very genial Presbyterian clergyman who, by virtue of New England ancestry, might have been expected to speak respectfully of the Congregational churches; but he was very much in the habit of characterizing his ancestral polity as a "rope of sand"; at other times he called it a "raft of logs." We are glad to see that the *New York Observer* thinks it time to disuse such cheap figures. Summing up its impressions gathered from the reports of the late London Council, it says: "The history of Congregationalism in America, with its conquests in our own land and in foreign lands, has demonstrated the folly of that kind of criticism which once treated it as a rope of sand, predestinated by its very constitution to weakness and decay of faith. To this hour, after a century of toil, struggle, development, and triumph, it holds its own nobly among the most highly organized churches for both purity of doctrine and active usefulness."

A minister from Maine, who has held a chief place there for many years, surprised us a few days ago with a very agreeable call. He had hardly got seated, however, when he exclaimed, "How dreadfully orthodox you are out here!" We do not know into what companionship this traveller had fallen which should persuade him to such a conclusion. But the conclusion seems to be much in the air that, after one reaches Chicago, going westward, the doctrinal climate has changed. If so, we look back some years, and think of the time when the Western churches were held in suspicion by the conservatives at the Eastern centres. Those were superficial judgments then, and our brother's exclamation was equally hasty, perhaps. One hardly knows which is worse—to be

counted over or to be counted under the doctrinal equilibrium. "Be not righteous overmuch, neither make thyself overwise." (Eccl. 7: xvi.)

The *Missionary Herald* for September calls attention to the proposal that during the week beginning with the last Sunday in September, churches and pastors should specially remember the claims of foreign missions upon Christian sympathy and prayer. It is the week preceding the meetings of the A. B. C. F. M., and of our own General Association. Doubtless, many pastors will gladly make September 27th a day of special prayer for the work in foreign lands, and will be inclined to preach upon the subject.

We hope it cannot be true that the authorities of Chicago have issued 6,000 new licenses for the sale of liquor during the coming exposition. Now, open the Exposition on Sunday, and keep all these holes of the pit in full blast seven days in the week, and who shall tell the story of civic and individual degradation? Would that such an uprising of moral sentiment as that which lately stopped the prize-fight at St. Paul might cleanse the great city where the world is to gather!

The man who, in the pulpit, reaches what is highest and deepest in the hearer, and unfolds the truth so that it stands out clear and strong in the mind, magnifies his office, and that is no small matter. A young man has recently heard two such sermons, and they stirred within him the great desire to go and do likewise. Thoroughly able preachers are the best stimulant to young men in the matter of the choice of a calling. They set the standard high, and the heart in glow.

A CRITICISM.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Our good friend, Dr. Magoun, in his "thoughts suggested by the council," is rather caustic in his criticisms. He therefore will not take it unkindly if I take him to task for an expression in his letter which strikes me as un-Congregational. He says, "Dr. Patton is the one who believes in living by the creed he has sworn to, not by the contradiction of it." Are the ministers of the Congregational, or even of the Presbyterian churches, required to swear to hold the same creed all their lives? How can a man tell now what he may believe ten years hence? Is it not popery to require a minister of the gospel to pledge himself to maintain all through life the same belief? It would seem to me that the young minister, just leaving a theological seminary, is far more apt to have crude and imperfect views of divine truth than the man who for forty years has been a devout student of the word of God, and has sought to enlighten himself by every means in his power.

A creed is a very good thing when it is properly used, but when a man who has once subscribed to a certain creed is held to it hard and fast, he is no longer free to receive the enlightenment which might come to him were his mind less under constraint. Surely, a man should be free to change his belief or the expression of it when his real views have changed.

I have long thought that creeds are often abused in our Congregational churches. As an expression of the belief of the church they are good, even necessary; but when we require, as too many of our churches do, unconditional assent to a statement of belief as a condition of church membership, it is my judgment that we lay upon young Christians a burden grievous to be borne. Of necessity these creeds must either be accepted with some mental reservation, or they must be accepted in a blind, unthinking way, the candidate surrendering his own judgment to that of others. Either of these things is to be deplored. Reservations which are only mental, not openly expressed, savor of hypocrisy, while for the individual Christian to surrender his judgment upon matters of divine truth, or to accept what is truth at the dictum of others, is contrary to the spirit of our polity.

W. M. SEARBY.
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 22, 1891.

Some months ago a strong petition was made to the Board of Supervisors in this city to raise the license of liquor saloons from eighty-four dollars a year to six hundred dollars. No action was taken by the Board except to "consider" the matter. A reminder was made by the friends of high license last Monday evening, but we have no faith to believe that this Republican Board will grant the petition. Both the old parties are afraid of the saloon power, and so the terribly destructive work goes on. How long has this thing got to last? Is there no relief? The good, honest, tax-paying people in this city could stop this hellish work if they would. What, then, is our responsibility?

It will be good news to his many friends to know that Rev. Dr. J. W. Hough of Santa Barbara, who is now in the East, was able to preach in his old pulpit at Jackson, Mich., on a recent Sabbath.

QUIET-CORNER OBSERVATIONS.

There is a man in the "Sunny South" who is good for so many things that we do not know what *not* to do with him. He is a clear-headed business man, and an earnest student. He plans great things, and seems to be always successful in carrying out his plans. He can get money to pay off a church debt in places where there is, apparently, no money to get. While the rest of us are trying hard to keep our kerosene bills paid, he can find a water-power, and set things going that are sure to burst into electric light soon, and wipe out kerosene. He understands young people, and meets them on their own ground; he understands elderly people, and meets them on their own ground. He is at home with everybody. So, of course, when he very unexpectedly appeared at the pastor's home, in Quiet Corner, last Saturday evening, he was most cordially welcomed. It is a rare occurrence for men of his stamp from the outside world to be lurking about this corner on Saturday nights. Blessings on him, and on all the good things he is planning for Southern California.

On Sunday morning he "assisted" in the service. In the evening he preached to us. He led us to the first chapter of James, and bade us consider what manner of persons we are, and what we ought to be. Turn from the temptation to be men of impulse merely. Be men of principle—men of Christian principle. This President of Pomona college seems to be fired with this thought. Surely, our young people are safe in a school with such a man at its head.

A great many things demand careful consideration when parents are planning where to send their children "to be educated." The institution thoroughly equipped with apparatus and competent instructors may be the best place, and it may not be. "To be educated" is not merely to have knowledge. As a thoughtful writer has said: "The chief advantage of any university is not the knowledge which is acquired there, valuable as that may be. Its main advantages are the living for years where the chief interest is not the making of money, but the consideration of truth, in whatever form; the measuring of self by a large company of those of our own age; the broadening and freeing of thought by association with those whose training and influences have been different from our own; and last, but not least, the daily contact with men of large calibre and long experience." Pomona college is young, but it is a thriving youth, and it is safe. We need not be afraid of it in any way.

President Baldwin is soon to visit New England on a mission. Our First church, Los Angeles, must be free to swing its arms and do its work without let or hindrance. It can and will throw off its burden, with some help. It must have that help. Its interests are ours. Southern California Congregational churches and educational institutions will all be affected, more or less, by the condition of that one church. It must be put into, and kept in, the very best condition possible.

One item in the "Sunny South" correspondence last week almost created a breeze in this study. If that minister of whom "A" writes, who wants to abolish the custom of publishing the minutes of the General Association to save expense, had been here when we first read of his objection—he—well, we are not very talkative usually, but he might have heard from "we," as our good Cornish friends say. Those pamphlets containing the minutes, the papers, the statistical tables, are valuable documents; and the minister who "never thinks it worth while to distribute them" ought at least to know that some of us think he is wrong. Why not abolish the Association if the minutes are not worth reading? If the Association is a good thing for those who attend it, the minutes are a good thing for those who do not attend it. "But people don't care for such literature; they won't read such pamphlets if they are distributed." Perhaps not, and perhaps they will. A great many people don't care very much for the Gospel, but we keep on giving it to them, and occasionally one becomes interested, and the things he once hated he learns to love. Somebody might learn to love the Association, and the good things provided at every Association, and even the statistical tables, if these pamphlets were handed out to the people, instead of being piled away up on the top shelf of the study.

The fact is, people ought to be interested in these things, and probably would be if their pastors were interested. It may not be in good taste to allude too much to this correspondence to the way we do things here in Quiet Corner; but just a few words now concerning the package of "General Association Reports" which comes to us every year. The pastor examines the report carefully. He always finds something in it that he wants his people to see. Something in the report of the Home Missionary Superintendent, or the "Narrative," or the reports of the Woman's Missionary societies, he always finds that he knows his people ought to see. He marks those paragraphs. Then he sits for awhile trying to decide how to make ten of those reports go around and keep one for himself. He writes on each pamphlet the name of the person to whom he decides to give it. Then he carries the bundle to church or prayer-meeting, and gives them out. When he gives them out he calls the attention of the one who re-

ceives the report to the marked paragraphs. "Well, are they read?" Yes. Perhaps not so thoroughly by some as by others; but the Quiet Corner people are discovering a little more every year that there is meat in these reports, and that it is meat which they, as Congregationalists, and as Christian men and women interested in what is being done to extend the kingdom in this part of the great vineyard, are not willing to dispense with. Ten reports to distribute in a church of fifty members, with quite a congregation of regular attendants not members, are not enough. If that "prominent minister" will not do his duty to his own people, we wish he would send his reports of that good "Fellowship Association" held at San Diego last May to the pastor at Quiet Corner. We can use them here.

"Has the Year-book come yet?" a good lady asked of the Quiet Corner pastor nearly three months ago.

"No; I have not yet received it," was the reply.

"Why, I thought it would be here by this time. I saw by the *Advance* that it is out."

That lady was one of the first persons the pastor saw on the evening of his return from his vacation; and one of the first things she said to him was:

"When you look over your mail you'll probably find the Year-book. It must be here by this time, I think. When you can spare it, I would like to borrow it for a few days. I always like to see the new Year-book. It's pleasant to know where the ministers are that one has known in other places, and to watch some of the churches one has known about to see how they grow every year."

You see, we like these things over here in this Corner, and we are not the driest people on the face of the globe either, if we do feed a little on "minutes" and "year-books." Oh, Mr. "Prominent Minister," clear that top shelf in your study, and tell your people something about the work of the Congregational churches in Southern California, that will make them want to know more about it. Then distribute those top-shelf pamphlets, and ask the people to read Superintendent Ford's report, and Brother Colcord's "Narrative," and the reports by Mrs. Bent and Mrs. Hanson of the woman's home and foreign societies. Just give them a good push, and they will go on until they have learned to love it all—home, foreign, statistics, everything. Perhaps they will even knock at your study door, and ask you to loan them the Year-book. Could you put your hand upon it in the dark if the borrower should happen to come when there is no light in the study?

W. N. BURR.
SAN JACINTO, August 25, 1891.

CANDIDATING IN CALIFORNIA.

Recently, a graduate of an Eastern Seminary returned to California, his native State, with the hope of obtaining a charge. He heard of certain vacancies in the ministry, but was surprised at the great number of candidates, men of ability, many of whom had families to support. Some of these had left attractive fields in other States, seduced by the mild climate and golden legends of California (which are often accompanied in a preacher's mind with a great need of gospel messengers.)

Our young theologian entered the lists of those announced from various pulpits for an oratorical contest. One of these ministerial arenas was located at a summer resort, not very far from San Francisco. Thither the youthful preacher made his way, prepared with two sermons—one upon the text, "And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." This he delivered in the morning, having reserved for the evening a discourse upon the familiar verse, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The town to which we have referred is illuminated by electricity. The public and many of the private buildings are furnished with incandescent lights. The service was to begin at quarter before eight, about dark. The janitor turned on the current at half-past seven, but no light appeared. The gloom increased until the congregation was enveloped in total darkness. The time for opening service had passed. Some one went to the electric works to see if they were running. The fault was traced to a defect in the storage battery of the church. In the meantime, the people remained in an atmosphere more obscure than "outer darkness" (the latter being relieved by a neighboring arc-light). A solitary lamp was introduced with ghastly effect. It threw into bold relief a few of the nearest objects, making blacker than ever the surrounding gloom. Repairs having been effected, the lights finally assumed their normal condition and service was commenced.

There was a visible smile throughout the entire congregation when the young preacher announced his text, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The object of the sermon was to compare different phases of Christian life, with various forms of artificial light, such as a candle—that which possesses sufficient resource within itself to burn in times of emergency; a lantern—that which is capable of being extinguished; a lamp—that which gives a steady light in the home, which, to burn brightly, must be fre-

quently filled with the oil of gospel truth and trimmed of selfish indulgences.

"There are some people in the church," observed the young man, "who are like the electric light. They shine with great brilliancy as long as the conditions are all favorable, but just as soon as any part of the machinery is out of order, they are either extinguished, or give a light so feeble as to be difficult to recognize. Such belong to the class of which the Saviour says: 'And these are they, likewise, which are sown on stony ground; who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness; and have no root within themselves, and so endure but for a time; afterward, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended.'"

This young preacher made but one more attempt to candidate in California. Again he was doomed to a novel interruption. The place was not many miles from Sacramento, and the day was exceedingly hot. He was delivering a sermon from the text: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day." After speaking of the many motives presented in this life to draw us to a saving faith in Christ, he began to expatiate upon the great motives of the hereafter—heaven and hell. As he was presenting the analogy between mental anguish and the suffering suggested by "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," his words were interrupted, rather than emphasized, by the sudden alarm of fire. The bell rang, men rushed—even out of church—and general excitement prevailed. A few women were all that remained of the congregation (thus exploding the old theory of woman's curiosity). The candidate brought his sermon to a hasty close. A little dry grass in an alley had made a fire, so small as to amount, almost to a false alarm. The disappointed preacher, turning to the bell which had prematurely dismissed his congregation, said, with some feeling of resentment: "Had it not been for your long tongue and empty head, I might have brought my discourse to a more impressive conclusion." H. F. B.

ROSEBURG, Or., Aug. 13, 1891.

FROM NEW YORK.

Your correspondent joined the Stay at Home Club. The summer has seemed short and the weather tolerable. This city is not an uncomfortable place in which to spend July and August. Figures show it to be, on the whole, a healthful city to live in. Sanitary improvements have reduced the death-rate 5.79 per 1,000 during the past twenty-five years. This means the saving of 3,300 lives annually, or 80,000 more during the quarter-century. It is estimated that twenty-eight cases of sickness occur with each death. The suffering avoided and the vast pecuniary expense saved are notable items. Tenement houses have been improved; the paving and cleaning of streets; slaughter houses and offensive factories removed or supervised, and the inspection of milk, meat and fish better attended to.

The annual death-rate from typhus fever has been reduced from 291 to 30; smallpox from 372 to 91. These facts are significant proof that most of the diseases from which we suffer are preventable.

The work of the city missionaries is varied and valuable. Over 3,200 entries are made at three day nurseries each year, and missionary nurses care for the sick at home.

In one wretched home where the diphtheria had broken out, one child had died, another was very ill, and the mother had just been confined. There was no medicine, food or care. Who will go? The hands of six volunteers from among the nurses were raised. One was selected and isolated. All night at the crisis she watched and ministered, using every precaution. She had the joy of seeing all the sick saved.

One poor mother, enjoying a free outing given by the Altruistic Society of Montclair, pointed to a fine house and asked if it was a church. When told it was a stable, she said that country cows and horses were better off than the poor of New York. Mr. Righter's Fresh Air Fund for years has been a stream of blessings. I have often accompanied excursions, made up of invalids, or paupers or poor children. One old lady of 102 years, and another who had not been away for 21 years from the almshouse, was in a recent party.

The wife of the United States Consul at Bombay has been telling New Yorkers about the Indian exhibit at our Chicago Fair, which will cost half a million, and include the bringing of 300 or more representatives of various castes and industries, also jugglers and snake charmers, dancing girls and zenana ladies. Bullocks and elephants will carry people, palanquins also. Models of the Taj and other famous buildings are to be set up, also Juggernaut and other idols. Several acres will be covered by this Hindu village, a novel sample of the brilliant Orient, attractive to Occidental eyes.

The death of Mr. Jones, chief of the Times, recalls the revelations he made of the Tweed ring. When offered five million dollars by Connolly to withhold the documents from publication he refused, saying that the devil would probably never make a higher offer for him than that. In boyhood Jones and Greeley were employed by the same master, Amos Bliss of the *Vermont Spectator*. Their steady rise from obscurity and poverty to conspicuous posi-

tions in the world is characteristic of American push. The story of the early struggles of city journalism reads like a romance, when put alongside the record of to-day, when \$50,000 are paid the chief editor of a metropolitan daily, and the weekly circulation passes the million mark.

The tragedy which removed Missionary White and three others in a moment from this life was soon followed by the barge disaster of still more frightful proportions; and now that is forgotten in the Park Place disaster, where it is believed nearly a hundred working people lost their lives. All these were preventable casualties. They all show the growing indifference to human life. We punish the thief or forger with a severity out of proportion to that with which offenses against life are treated. Unsafe boats, bridges, and buildings are used, and lives are lost. Railway trains dash through towns, across streets at grade where there is neither gate nor guard. Thousands have been killed, but the long-suffering public tolerate the slaughter. If State legislation can not be secured, the interference of Congress ought to be invoked.

Our pastors will return from their summer absences soon, and closed sanctuaries reopen. The *Christian Advocate* tells of a pastor "so weary as to be unfit to preach" after the fatigue of a two months' rest! A homily is given on the "Wearing Vacation." If physical results were all the evil results of misspent summers, the case would be bad enough. The Inspector of Schools points out the moral as well as physical detriment which poor children here suffer by "vacation vagabondage." Efforts are made to bridge over the long interim by industrial schools which will afford amusement and instruction to those who have nowhere to go, and roam about the streets and wharves during July and August. OCCASIONAL.

NEW YORK, August 28th.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL AND TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

BY REV. C. W. HILL.

The above-named corporation occupies a large and sunny building on California street, in the vicinity of the park. The noble work accomplished by this institution cannot be too highly commended. It selects young women of character, and qualifies them, by a thorough course of instruction, to enter the homes of the sick and do everything that tenderness and skill can accomplish to promote their recovery.

Both from observation and experience we can attest that these self-denying ladies are like ministering angels in the families of the afflicted.

When a disease which baffled our utmost efforts was grappling with the life of a child, and when we could least command our attention through anxiety and the tumult of contending emotions that surges within us as hope and fear are striving for the mastery, the nurse, trained for such emergencies, enters the room, self-possessed, calm and confident. She is ready to take orders from the physician, and day and night she sets herself, by patience, perseverance, kindness and firmness to carry those orders out. She watches every symptom and records every peculiarity of the case, so that when the physician returns and looks at the nurse's slate it is found to contain a history of the disease from the moment of the last visit. This becomes a guide for future procedure. This course is persistently followed until the precious life is restored.

We cannot wonder that in the institution, where thirty of such nurses are engaged, and in the private cases which they manage, the percentage of recovery is very large.

Only within a few years have opportunities been offered for the practical study of this profession. Twelve well-accredited students graduated at the close of the last term. We cannot doubt that in cases of emergency they will be eagerly sought for, and their services richly blessed.

As a benevolent hospital for children, this institution is worthy of the support of the Christian public. Beyond all doubt, many children in the homes of the self-sustaining poor die for lack of wise and careful nursing under some perfectly manageable disease. The resources of the hospital ought to be enlarged, and its advantages more widely known and enjoyed. Visitors have declared it to be "so homelike and attractive as to remove the impression of pain and misery," and that "it seems like a pleasant, cherry home, rather than a place for medical and surgical relief." The cottage for isolating contagious diseases and preventing epidemics, the wards for incurables, with wonderful devices to relieve suffering, the sunny halls for the weak, the kindergarten for children who are strong, the Sunday-school for religious instruction, and the maternity cottage, the munificent gift of Mrs. C. B. Alexander, all combine to render this institution a boon to the public, and a most inviting field for benevolence. The work is Christ-like—it is indeed for Christ; to those who engage in it He shall say, "I was sick, and ye visited me."

For almost any one of the indefatigable workers laboring there, this epitaph might be written. "She was eyes to the blind, and feet was she to the lame; she was a mother to the poor, and the cause which she knew not she searched out." BERKLEY, Cal.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The last Monday Club was attended by about fifty members and visitors. Among the latter was Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown of Tacoma. Deacon I. P. Rankin was elected a member. Rev. Professor Benton gave an account of excursions, and celebrations after the Conference in London, at Scrooby, Leyden, and Plymouth. In response to questions he expressed himself variously regarding the orthodoxy of our English brethren, etc. Rev. Dr. Brown will address the next Monday meeting on "Religious Work in Washington and Alaska."

Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown preached two good sermons in the First church in this city last Sabbath on "Immortality of Influence," and "The Matchless Character."

Rev. H. H. Wikoff delivered the third in the illustrated series on "Pilgrim's Progress" in Green-street church. The house was crowded, and four young men arose for prayers in the after meeting.

The Green-street ladies cleared about \$110 at the recent Congregational Club dinner.

At Bethany church, the attendance was good, the congregation having nearly recovered from its vacation depletion. The sermons were three, as usual—in the morning to the children on "What We Know Because Jesus Knows," and to the adults on "Variant Views Taken by Various Listeners to Christ's Gospel." In the evening, Dr. Pond commenced a series of sermons on the "Sufferings of Christ," preaching by request on "Christ's Sufferings through Temptation."

The General Association of Washington will meet Tuesday, September 22d.

There were seventy in attendance at the Sunday-school in Seventh-avenue chapel. In the evening there was a Sunday-school concert which filled the house. The exercises were songs and recitations by the children, and an address by Rev. W. N. Meserve.

Rev. A. K. Crawford baptized five children at Devisadero-street last Sabbath morning, and a Roman Catholic friend gave him five dollars.

The Olivet church Young People's Society has doubled its membership since the coming of Pastor H. H. Cole, and the Sunday-school numbered 117 last Sabbath.

Rev. Charles A. Blanchard preached in the First church, Oakland, to large audiences. At the after meeting in the evening eight arose for prayers. He also addressed a large meeting of young men in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on last Friday evening.

Rev. Frank R. Luckey preached in Plymouth-avenue church to the largest audiences ever seen in that church at regular services.

Both the First church and the Plymouth-avenue have enjoyed the ministrations of godly men, who have preached faithful sermons, calculated to lead souls out of darkness into the light. And their labors have not been in vain. Brothers Blanchard and Luckey will be remembered with pleasure and gratitude by many friends won during their visit. They have both, with their excellent wives, left for their homes in the East this week.

Brothers McLean and Oakley are both expected home to resume their pulpit duties next Sabbath.

A company from the Young People's Society in the First church, Oakland, visited the Lorin young people on Sunday evening, and aided them in their meeting.

Rev. Frank Merriam preached in the morning for Pastor Cooke in Golden Gate church.

Rev. C. W. Hill preached at Berkeley on the "Christian's Unconscious Influence."

Rev. David Wirt attended the Sabbath-school in Tiburon, and preached for the fifth time in the Flora temple. The captain and his daughter were among the hearers.

Rev. R. H. Sink of Stockton is in town on his vacation. He was at the First church Sabbath morning, and at the Club on Monday.

Rev. C. F. Wood has resigned at Tulare City, and his resignation has been accepted.

From private correspondence I learn that Rev. J. A. Thomas has good congregations, and preaches good sermons at Mokelumne Hill. The *Calaveras Prospect* of August 10th reports that a farewell social was held for Brother C. L. Eby in San Andreas, when he was about to return to the theological seminary. "Crowds of people" attended the social, and "at an early hour the building (the new church) was well filled." An excellent programme was enjoyed. The new pastor, Rev. J. A. Thomas, sang a solo, and took part in a trio with Rev. C. L. Eby and Mrs. M. Hanson. "Mr. Eby is a very bright young man, and has done much good during his short stay among us." A. K. C.

Rev. J. A. Jones has returned to his work in Cottonwood.

The General Association of California will meet in Plymouth church, San Francisco, on Tuesday, October 6, 1891.

Rev. H. F. Burgess is laboring as Assistant Superintendent of Sunday-school work under the auspices of the C. P. and S. S. Society in Southern Oregon. He spent a recent Sabbath at Glendale, preaching morning and evening, much to the satisfaction of the people.

EASTERN.

Fifteen united with the church in Tunbridge, Vt., August 16th.

Captain Lane, in his gospel boat, is doing good work along the coast of Maine.

Sunday, September 27th, will be Missionary Day in many of our churches in the East.

Eighteen Congregational churches have been organized in Iowa since January 1st.

The American Missionary Association will meet with the Euclid-avenue church, Cleveland in October.

A new gospel tent was lately pitched in Cobden, Ill., in which Evangelist Purdue has been holding special meetings.

The house of worship of the church in Huntington, Mass., was struck by lightning, August 15th, and much injured.

The gospel wagon keeps moving about in Oklahoma, carrying men who are doing excellent work in that new country.

The revival services in Partridge, Kan., though conducted in mid-summer, when the farmers are busy, have been well attended.

August 16th, a second church was organized at Sedalia, Missouri. The new house of worship for this church will be dedicated September 6th.

The ancient church of Chester, N. J., which dates back to 1740 shows signs of strength and prosperity. It is now refitting and repairing its place of worship.

The six Congregational churches of Lincoln, Neb., unite in a celebration of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the First church in that city.

Dr. Edward Beecher, now eighty-eight years old, preached in the First church, Hartford, August 9th. The writer of this heard him in that house forty nine years ago.

Two women have been engaged for some time as evangelists in Vermont, and two are invited to address the Christian Endeavor Convention that meets in Connecticut in October.

The work among Portuguese in Providence, R. I., is said to be prospering. It is quite time our churches should take hold of the work for this industrious and frugal people all along this coast.

By official action the name of the order of the King's Daughters has been changed to that of the King's Daughters and Sons. Both sexes are thus recognized in the movement, inasmuch as there have been circles of King's Sons for several years.—*Congregationalist*.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS.

BY REV. F. D. KELSEY.

Wonderful meetings, grand singing, great multitudes, hard cases reformed, drunkards saved, gamblers rescued, homes made happy, souls converted! Such is the report from our temperance revival as led by Francis Murphy in a twenty-days' campaign in the city of Helena, Montana.

He came not of his own plan, nor at the request of any of us in our city. God sent him in a curious and painful manner—by a railroad accident, by which he and his wife came near perishing in the cold waters of the Yellowstone river. He suffered a broken nose and several severe bruises, while she was far more seriously hurt than was supposed at the time of it. They were in the cold waters of the river so long that it almost overcame them; yet, when urged to take stimulants they both heroically refused. The ministers of Helena were not slow to use him when they found him here recuperating; and as soon as he was able, union meetings were started which filled our largest halls and churches. Mid-day prayer-meetings were held, at which many of the conversions took place. Open-air street-preaching was attempted an hour before the evening meetings, and though held in the center and stronghold of gambling and drinking, the meetings never were molested. A noted prize-fighter and drunkard was converted, who touched the hearts of all by his eagerness for the conversion of his wife. These two proved especially helpful to the meetings by developing unperceived talents for public speech, and persuasion of their own people. About three thousand have signed the pledge. A revival of religion has been felt in hundreds of hearts, and dozens have been saved. A far greater result would have followed had the union meetings been union in fact as well as in name, and had it not been for an unfortunate blunder made by Brother Murphy, who has no love for prohibitionists, strange as it may seem. They worked with him sincerely and earnestly, notwithstanding some of his public utterances. But some editor, a hundred miles away, made some strictures upon him, whereupon Mr. Murphy allowed himself to be "interviewed" by one of our city papers, and he struck out, boldly, straight from the shoulder, at them. One of our city pastors replied in a telling, earnest article. Thus was the community immediately divided.

But a Gospel Temperance Union has been formed, which aims at gathering in the fruits and continuing the work. The noon-day prayer-meetings are alive and active, as are also the street open-air meetings. Great good has already been accomplished, where great need was.

Those who have been accustomed to the esthetics of religion in luxurious churches may no longer be absolved from responsibility on the ground that the degraded classes "have had their chance and must abide by the results of their own willful evil doing," and because all things are not done "decently and in order." A despairing cry for salvation is not infrequently heard from the city's slums, and those who go down with the Master's message of "Whosoever will," in response to these agonizing cries for help, deserve Christian recognition. The doors of all our churches should be thrown open to these "Army women," that they may have a hearing, and the congregations be afforded the blessed opportunity of extending to them Christian sympathy and material aid.

JOHN MCKEE.
San Francisco, August 28, 1891.

A SIGNIFICANT DEPARTURE.

The prayer-meeting room of the Third Congregational church in this city literally overflowed with a crowd of church-going people on Wednesday evening, August 26th. A brigade of the Salvation Army has its quarters in that vicinity, and a squad of men and women on street duty, with noisy accompaniment of horn and drum, has become quite familiar to the good people of that neighborhood. Their evening meetings were held in a neighboring hall, from which occasional reports had reached the Third church to the effect that men, women and children, hitherto wholly indifferent to the invitations of the regular orthodox churches, were interested attendants upon the somewhat irregular services of the "Army." Pastor Pullan, in his search for a practical solution of the great problem, "How can the Church of God reach the masses with its effective work?" visited their meetings, and invited some of these Salvation Army people to come into his prayer-meeting room with somewhat of the story of their work among the very lowest classes of the people.

It was a new procedure, for it is believed that this was the first invitation of this kind that has been extended by any of our churches to the Salvation Army; but the invitation was gracefully accepted by Mrs. Major Kyle, Mrs. Captain Edwards, Mrs. McFee, and Mrs. Lieut. Kernigan, who all appeared in uniform, and ready to take such part in the services as might be assigned to them. The evening's services were opened and closed by the pastor, but otherwise were conducted wholly by these representative women. They led in singing some of their peculiar emotional songs, with refrain in which the congregation united heartily. Three addresses were delivered in a narrative vein, giving, in simple though effective language, some characteristics of their work and incidents of personal experience of "Army" life. The closing address by Mrs. Major Kyle was descriptive of the work among the slums of great cities, and of the efforts now being made to establish and maintain near San Francisco a suitable Rescue Home for women and girls. A lot of ground has been given them at Laundry Park. Three thousand dollars has been already raised, and \$1,500 more is wanted to erect a building and place the work on a permanent footing. This branch of the Army work was very effectively portrayed. Our hearts burned within us at the pathetic recitals of the these "Army women," who, are perhaps, not only despised and rejected of men and women generally, but condemned as well, by many church people, in total ignorance, it must be, of their self-denying labors. The grace of God, in large measure in the heart, is the only possible explanation of the incentive to, and can alone sustain prolonged efforts in, such work. Surely, it seems to us, they tread in the footsteps of the Son of Man, who, at sacrifice of personal comfort and refined, womanly feeling, go regularly down into the hells of this city with encouragement and expressions of sympathy, and with substantial aid to any of those who, in the slough of degradation and despondency, may desire to find the way up to a reclaimed life, to extend a loving help to those who will make an effort to be saved.

The voluntary contributions by that prayer-meeting assembly to the funds for the proposed Rescue Home amounted to \$125 in money current here; but who can estimate the value of the manifested sympathies and accompanying words of encouragement and good cheer? These are heavenly currency, and will, doubtless, yield returns in kind, equal, at least, to money in bank.

Is the problem being solved? Is the way to reach the masses, to go after them personally? If yes, then Christian men and women may no longer sit in luxurious churches, with folded hands, and listen complacently to the quieting statements that "material prosperity and religious development go hand in hand," and "never before was there so much being done for the betterment of the people." Here is brought to our notice a work that is, to say the least, equal in importance to any other philanthropic or Christian work, and which requires lives and energies consecrated by the Spirit of God in large degree for its accomplishment. It is a great cause for thankfulness that this work among the lowest classes is being prosecuted by the Salvation Army.

Those who have been accustomed to the esthetics of religion in luxurious churches may no longer be absolved from responsibility on the ground that the degraded classes "have had their chance and must abide by the results of their own willful evil doing," and because all things are not done "decently and in order." A despairing cry for salvation is not infrequently heard from the city's slums, and those who go down with the Master's message of "Whosoever will," in response to these agonizing cries for help, deserve Christian recognition. The doors of all our churches should be thrown open to these "Army women," that they may have a hearing, and the congregations be afforded the blessed opportunity of extending to them Christian sympathy and material aid.

JOHN MCKEE.
San Francisco, August 28, 1891.

FROM TRINITY COUNTY.

DEAR PACIFIC: It will interest our Christian friends and co-workers to hear of the progress of the good work in Trinity county.

I was sent to this field by our Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Warren, to fill the place left vacant by Rev. F. King, who labored on this field during a period of two years and a half. I arrived on the field on the 13th day of May, and was kindly received by the people. The field is very extensive, embracing quite a number of small settlements, but some of these places are located too far apart to be supplied by one man regularly. I preached alternately every Sabbath, as far as I was able, at Weaverville, Junction City and Lewiston. We have a church organized at Weaverville and at Lewiston, but the membership is small. The field is a mining district; consequently the people are generally employed in mining. The people, as a whole, are intelligent and enterprising. The ladies of Weaverville have kept up a Sunday-school in that place for a number of years without the aid of a pastor at times, with only temporary suspension of the work on account of the weather. The same good work has been carried on by the ladies of Lewiston and Junction City, and often against great discouragement.

We have suffered some inconvenience in Weaverville during the hot weather for the want of a suitable building in which to worship. The former building was destroyed by fire a year or so ago. But the people have been very active in trying to raise funds to erect a new building, and in their efforts have succeeded very well. They have raised over \$1,500, including \$700 insurance which was paid on the building that was burnt. The new building will be finished in October next it is hoped. It would be a good thing to have a permanent pastor on the field. The nature of the field requires it. This is a good field for the right man.

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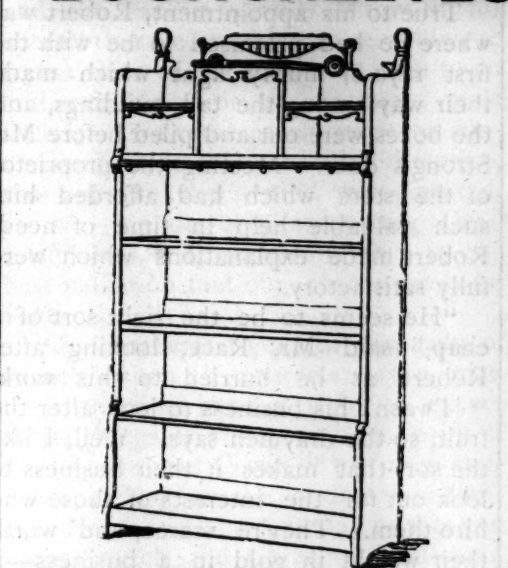
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THE PACIFIC

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Our Young Folks.

Bob White.

Look! the valleys are thick with grain,
Heavy and tall;
Peaches drop in the grassy lane
By the orchard wall;
Apples, streaked with a crimson stain,
Bask in the sunshine, warm and bright;
Hark to the quail that pipes for rain—
Bob White! Bob White!
Augur of mischief, pipes for rain—
Bob White!

Men who reap on the fruitful plain
Skirting the town,
Lift their eyes to the shifting vane
As the sun goes down;
Slowly the farmer's loaded wain
Climbs the slope in the falling light;
Bold is the voice that pipes for rain—
Bob White! Bob White!
Still from the hillside pipes for rain—
Bob White!

Lo! a burst at the darkened pane,
Angry and loud!
Waters murmur and winds complain
To the rolling cloud;
Housed at the farm, the careless swain,
Weaving snares while the fire burns bright,
Tunes his lips to the old refrain—
Bob White! Bob White!
Oh, the sound of the blithe refrain—
Bob White!

HIS BUSINESS.

"You sent for me, sir," said Robert Henderson, going to the desk of his employer, the owner of the wholesale fruit-store.

"Yes, I sent for you to say that I shall not want your services after this week."

Robert turned a shade paler.

"Isn't it a little sudden, sir?" he ventured to ask.

"It is about as long notice as I usually give. This is a dull season, you know; some of the clerks would think themselves fortunate in having held on till now."

"Have I given satisfaction?"

"Very good, indeed," Mr. Strong varied the set, indifferent monotony of his tone a little, but even the little was gratifying from a man like him. "I will give you very good recommendations."

"I don't know that they will do me much good—any good, in fact," said Robert to himself, as he turned and went down stairs. "There are ten applicants for one situation this time of year."

Many a luckless bread winner turned suddenly out of employment will be able to enter into his feelings, as he thought of his widowed mother and the sisters who looked to him for help in the struggle to maintain a home.

"Sent off on short notice, hey?" asked a clerk who came out with him—the last two as the house was closed for the night.

"Just like John Strong."

"But he was under no obligation to keep me when he didn't need me."

"May be not. But it seems to me that if I had a clerk that I knew was a good one, and that needed work, I'd manage to carry him through a dull season—especially if I was a rich man like him. What's this?"

A heavily-loaded dray had drawn up to the curbstone, the driver of which had begun to unload boxes addressed to the firm.

"How's all this?" said Robert, going towards him. "It's too late to deliver goods to-night."

"I know it, mister," said the drayman, respectfully, "but I couldn't help it this time."

"They were due two hours ago."

"Yes, and the big fire down here blocked everything. The houses were all over the street and nothing could pass. I got caught. It was hose before me and hose behind me; so I couldn't get out."

"But the place is locked up for the night."

"Then I suppose I'll have to stack the boxes here on the pavement."

"The stuff'll freeze if it stays out all night."

"What can I do?" said the man, looking much perplexed. "I was hired to haul it and I've hauled it. I can't help the delay."

"Come along. Don't bother yourself about it," said Robert's friend to him. "It isn't any concern of yours."

"Yes, it is," said Robert, half absently.

"Why, it isn't any part of your business to see to the receiving of the goods."

"No," said Robert, "but I couldn't feel right if I didn't try to do something in such a muddle."

"You're a simpleton," said the other, good humoredly, as he walked away. "It isn't your muddle. And you just turned off, too. I'd let the boss look after his own concerns."

Here was exactly the difference between the two young men. Robert possessed very clear and decided ideas as to his duty to his employer and could not reconcile his conscience to the allowing of his interests to suffer in any way which lay in his power to prevent, even though his special duties were entirely apart from this line of the business.

He turned again to the draymen, who had ceased his unloading and stood by his horses, wearing a look of distress and indecision.

"If I get into a muddle with the boss like enough he'll dismiss me," he said.

"That won't do," said Robert, heartily. "He's just dismissed me, and so I know how it feels. We'll contrive something, I guess. Do you know where Mr. Strong lives? I might telephone him to know what he'd like done."

But the man did not know. Robert was beating his brain for some other plan when the door of a large store a

little distance down the street opened and two or three workmen came out. Robert darted towards them, reaching the door just as a man stepped out, and was about to lock it.

The young clerk quickly explained the perplexing circumstances attending the delayed delivery of the fruit, ending with:

"Do you think you could let me store it in here? You're empty, I see."

"Yes, we're empty," said the man, "but I'm only the janitor of the building; haven't anything to do with it except to see it locked up and safe from fire. But," he continued, looking at the troubled face of the drayman who had come near, "Mr. Race isn't a hard man, and if you'll take the risks of it—can't do a mite of harm as I can see—we'll just set it in here for the night, if you'll see that it's out before time for work to begin in the morning. Mr. Race is having the store fitted up for opening."

"I'll be on hand early," said Robert, the drayman heartily undertaking to be with him. With willing hands the three worked until the load was transferred within shelter.

True to his appointment, Robert was where he had promised to be with the first rays of murky light which made their way among the tall buildings, and the boxes were out and piled before Mr. Strong's door. Meeting the proprietor of the store which had afforded him such valuable help in time of need, Robert made explanations which were fully satisfactory.

"He seems to be the right sort of a chap," said Mr. Race, looking after Robert as he hurried to his work.

"I wasn't his business to look after the fruit, so the draymen says. Well, I like the sort that makes it their business to look out for the interests of those who hire them. They're scarce, and worth their weight in gold in a business—if they're lively and bright, too; as he seems to be. Out of his situation, the man says."

"Well, if Strong doesn't know when he's well off, I'm under no obligation to tell him. I'll send for the young fellow and talk to him again."

The drayman went to Mr. Strong with his report of what had taken place, and, remembering Robert's kindness to him in his dilemma, did not fail to say a few words in praise of the young man's energy and faithfulness. And Mr. Strong also came to the conclusion, although more slowly, that he liked a young fellow who, by his quick eye and prompt action, could save the firm several hundred dollars. On the day when Robert's week was out he again desired his presence in the office, and said to him:

"I have changed my mind about letting you go, Henderson. Business is looking up, and I guess you may work on."

"Thank you, sir," said Robert; "but I have taken a situation with Mr. Race."

"You have! When did he hire you?"

"The day after I stacked the fruit in his store."

"H'm!" Mr. Strong was not the man to allow any one to see his chagrin as he nodded a good evening.

"I've made a mistake," he said, looking after Robert.

"That's the right sort of a fellow to keep about; and Race was sharp enough to see it. Well, I'll keep a standing offer before him and perhaps he'll come back."

But Mr. Race was sharp enough to retain a valuable employee when he had him, and Robert is enjoying the steady advancement and prosperity that belongs not with eye-service, but with earnest and faithful seeking to perform his highest duty.—*New York Observer.*

SMALL PHILOSOPHERS.

Some surprising answers of children in England to questions put to them are given in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

Though not exactly a child, perhaps, a lad once appeared before Bishop Wilberforce for confirmation; the bishop, feeling sure he had confirmed him before, bent over and said in a low tone, "My boy, I think I have confirmed you before."

The lad opened his great wide eyes and replied: "You be a liar."

"What would have happened if Henry IV of France had not been murdered?" asked a teacher of a sharp-looking boy.

The prompt reply was: "He probably would have died a natural death."

In a Sunday-school, "What did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red Sea?" drew forth the answer: "They dried themselves."

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" was immediately answered: "In the fire."

While youngsters appear to get considerably "mixed" in digesting their historical information, their ideas of geographical facts are also not infrequently, to say the least, original. A young hopeful said that the surface of the earth consisted of land and water. "What then," asked the teacher, "do land and water make?" "Mud," was the instant rejoinder.

"What comes next to man in the scale of being?" inquired an examiner. "His shirt," was the reply. Asked to give a distinction, if any, between a fort and a fortress, a boy nicely defined them: "A fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress is a place to put women in."

On being asked what the chief end of man was, another boy, without any hesitation, said: "The end what's got his head on."

A teacher asked a very juvenile class which of them had ever seen a magnet. A sharp urchin at once said he had seen lots of them. "Where?" inquired the teacher, surprised at his proficiency. "In the cheese."

Another lad was asked what he under-

stood by "celerity," and "perhaps from experience," says the contemporary account, he described it as something to put hot plates down with."

The members of a girls' class were asked a few questions. One was interrogated as to what was meant by "bearing false witness against your neighbor."

"It was," said she, "when nobody did nothing and somebody went and told of it."

Another was asked how beef tea was made and she replied, "Buy a tin of beef extract and follow the direction on the lid."

"What are warmth-producing foods?" a third girl was asked. The reply was, "Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger."

"What is the feminine of friar?" asked a teacher of his class. First boy, "Hasn't any." "Next!" Second boy, "Nun."

"That's right," said the master. First boy, in an indignant tone, "That's just what I said."

"And, now, dear," asked a governess, "what can you tell me about Minerva?"

"She was the goddess of wisdom, and she never married," was the reply.

THE GIRL WITH ONE TALENT.

Bishop Vincent, in his "Studies in Young Life," gives the following sketch of a girl deficient in many things, but with one talent of which she made good use:

Let us review her resources. We take an inventory, as merchants say. Self-knowledge: As to arithmetic and algebra—minus; geography and history—moderate; orthography, rhetoric, and elocution—deficient; no voice, no music, no conversational power; artistic skill at the minimum; no commercial ability. A girl with a father and mother, with brothers and sisters, and one talent. What Laura's one talent is we set ourselves at work to find out.

Laura slept soundly. The pillow was welcome at night; and the parting was hard in the morning. When the first bell rang she wished she could pull the tongue out of it and hide the brazen turban of her peace beyond all power of finding. She thought it would be so delightful to sleep for two hours more, or one hour, or thirty minutes, or fifteen minutes. But scarcely had the echo of the bell died away before Laura had summoned herself and commanded herself, and in due time—without too much speed to prevent the well doing of all that had to be done, and without too much slowness to break the morning order of the household below stairs—she reported herself for duty, wherever that morning the line of duty had been cast.

She always came in with a cheerful smile and a hearty salutation. The girl in the kitchen used to say, "When Miss Laura comes in a mornin' I shield my poor eyes for the brightness."

It was Bridget's blarney, but when you know Laura you will excuse Bridget's extravagance. Usually one or two of the children had to be buttoned or hooked, combed or coddled, and who could do it so well as Laura, who greeted a chance of that kind as she would a streak of sunshine, or a whiff of air from fields of new-mown hay? "They love it, and I love it," she said.

A greeting, a kiss, a playful sally, a lively question, was ready for father and mother. The voice that could not sing was music itself in home speech, and if its owner could not talk at breakfast about Gladstone's policy, or the definition of beauty given by the last night's lecturer at Osmond hall, she could ask questions enough to keep everybody talking, each in the line of his liking; and, without knowing how wise and strong she was, Laura One-talent used her love and common sense and tact in keeping peace at the table, repressing uncomfortable topics, drawing out people according to their bent and ability, and, too "stupid" to say much herself, she was sagacious enough to play the general with the wit and wisdom of all the rest. And if they—the "all the rest" of the household—had a good time, Laura was happy. When breakfast and prayer were over, if there were not problems in algebra to be solved, or selections from Liszt or Bach to be practiced, or an essay from a Shakespearean club to be written (and she was always excused from such service), there was always something to do with mother or for mother, with Bridget or in Bridget's stead; something for father or the boys; something for the little girls; something in bedroom, kitchen, parlor, or cellar; sweeping, dusting, bed-making, cooking, stitching, watching, errand-going, calling—always something that needed to be done for the good order and good feeling of the household; and Laura, who could not do great things to make the world wonder, did her share, and was glad to do more than her share, of little things, which in the doing and in the spirit of the doing made "society girls" wonder at Laura's goodness and patience, and all which made other mothers envious of Laura's mother, and which, moreover, pleased the King on the throne in the central chamber of Laura's heart.

His FATHER ANYWAY.—A youngster at school in Cambridge was asked the other day, by a teacher who wanted to give the children some instruction in modern history, who was the Governor of Massachusetts. "My father," was the answer. "But what is his name?" inquired the teacher. This question was a puzzle. The little fellow stared at the teacher as if seeking not to comprehend the significance of the query. Finally he said: "I dunno, but he's my father."

And, sure enough, the boy was right; his own name was William—Eustis Russell.—*New York Tribune.*

Preach the Word Boldly.

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God, Most High?
How, then, before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Softened thy truth, or smoothed my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

What, then, is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wing around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail, reproach, and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

My life, my blood, I here present.
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

Give me thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar;
Thy faithful witness will I be.
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee!

—*Johann J. Winkler, translated by John Wesley.*

A STORY OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Sherman related the following anecdote of his experience in Memphis: "It was in July, 1862, when we entered Memphis. Before the first of the troops reached the town, orders had been issued by the rebel authorities that every shop, tavern, hotel, theatre or public place should be closed, and we entered a city as still as the dead. I sent for the mayor and explained to him that Memphis was being visited by American soldiers, his countrymen—that such a reception was inhospitable and must be changed, and that he must order and instruct every house to be opened forthwith."

This was complied with, to the immediate satisfaction of everybody. There appeared, however, at headquarters an Episcopal clergyman, named Dr. White, who somewhat demurred. I explained to him that the people of Memphis greatly needed Christian enlightenment, and he must promptly open his church doors and administer to their wants.

"But," said Dr. White, "do you know that the ritual of the Episcopal church has been changed since the war?" "No," said I, "it hasn't that I know of. How so?" "We now pray for Mr. Jefferson Davis, and not for Mr. Lincoln. I suppose I must no longer pray for Mr. Davis?" "Yes, sir! Pray for him, by all means. He needs it, if anybody does."

"But am I required to pray for Mr. Lincoln?" "Oh, no! He's all right. He doesn't need praying for!"—*Illustrated American.*

CHURCH VENTILATION.

Attention has been lately and repeatedly called, in the medical journals, to the defective aeration characterizing most of the older church edifices. According to the *London Lancet*, one, if not the principal, fault in construction in many of these older buildings is the want of outlets, or a sufficient number of them, while such openings as do exist are, in fact, better fitted to act as inlets than as exits—a desirable change in this respect being the formation of two or more large roof outlets with revolving cowls. The allotment of floor space is also, according to this authority, an important consideration, though this as a rule is contrived with a reasonable regard for health; it is only in the event of overcrowding that wholesome breathing air becomes more scarce than standing room. Again, the gallery system, when on a considerable scale, while accommodating more sitters, and necessarily increasing what may be called the breathing service, lessens at the same time the available air space; therefore, if constructed at all, the gallery should be of the lightest description compatible with durability. It is believed that the correction of the evils named—especially the formation of roof outlets, to promote the escape of heated and impure air—will go far to obviate the serious difficulty in question.

OVERCROWDED INDIA.—The *Journal and Messenger* says that the great increase in the population in India as shown by the recent British census is a surprise to every one. It is over 286,000,000. In olden times the population was kept down by internal wars. People killed each other off, and starvation, of which the world did not hear, carried off many more. With the control of the English government, internal wars have nearly ceased, and though we hear of more famines, fewer actually occur. With peace and fairly good government, population per square mile is more than double that of Germany, and is far greater than the country can support with comfort. It is only their cheap method of living that enables so many people within a given district to live at all.

A company has been formed to pipe water from Waukesha to Chicago, a distance of ninety-seven miles. The water is medicinal, and would be furnished only as a fancy table water, at a comparatively high price.

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DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

A HALF CENTURY OF CHURCH LIFE.

Dr. J. G. Holland was my boyhood and life-long friend. His last letter was but a short time before his death. I admired, revered, and loved him. It's very much to say of one who wrote so much (a dozen volumes, and editor of *Scribner's Magazine* and *Springfield Republican*, and gave birth to the *Century*) to say he had no occasion to regret a sentence.

"FITCOMB'S LETTERS."

If these instructive epistles could be read and re-read by every young man and woman in America, the good would be incalculable. His words are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"REASONABLENESS OF RELIGION"

Is one of the topics, and he says to young men: "I shall see you some time. We are none of us to live very long, but if we act the manly part we were sent here to act, and are true to God and ourselves, we shall be gathered into a great kingdom whose throne will be occupied by the Founder of our religion. During some golden hours of that cloudless day, I shall say something about these letters to you. I shall look you in the face as I say it, to see if you are moved to an emotion of gratitude or of gratification; and if you should happen to tell me that they made you better, that they led you to a higher development, that they directed you to a manly and a godly life, I should press your hand; and if I should keep from weeping, it is more than I can do now." His weighty words to his pastor are the occasion of my poor words concerning the fifty-one years since I entered the Old Edwards church, Northampton, Mass. It was

THE MAY COMMUNION

Of my seventeenth year, I had come in to the charming old town of four to five thousand population from a mountain farm, and apprenticed to house building. On coming out of the church after my reception at the communion season, an older lad asked what they said to me. I told him they promised "to watch over me." With emphasis he said, "They will not; they've never watched over me."

MY FIRST PASTOR

Was in poor health, resigned after a twelve-month or so, and died soon thereafter. I've no memory of him—of text, sermon, prayer-meeting or personal interview.

SECOND PASTOR.

A gentleman and companionable. I remember an interview at his house, also on the street, and the beautiful way he spoke to a little child entering the prayer-room. Most profound was the impression and evidence of his personal love in giving to each head of the family in the church John Angell James' "Church in Earnest." Ever since I've been looking for a church with every one doing something. This pastor is living, and is very dear to me for this personal interest; no memory of sermon or text, and never saw his handwriting.

THIRD PASTOR.

Showy, quite given to dress, and fond of a horse, raced on the street with one of his members and beat, much to his satisfaction. The only impression of text, sermon, or prayer-meeting was his entire discouragement, freely expressed. He was young, but has grown into a brilliant, and, I think, useful pastor.

FOURTH PASTOR.

Solid, sensible, spiritual, and a wise man; specially well balanced; a long pastorate, crowning a useful life, and was dismissed by entering life eternal. I was not long under his preaching, but I felt him. While not seeing his handwriting, or remembering a sermon or text, he was interested in me.

FIFTH PASTOR.

In Iowa; good man, genuine man, but no warmth; no one could feel "he cares for me."

SIXTH PASTOR.

Short pastorate under the sixth pastor; I was made Sunday-school Superintendent; strong sermons; an orator, brilliant, and a student; highly intellectual timber for a college President. He studied men and knew how to reach them. He hired a livery team, and came to the lumber yard where I was salesman, asking that I be allowed thirty minutes' leave. He drove and talked; said: "There is usefulness before you, and you must take up Christian work." The impression was profound; it cost him an hour from his study, and a dollar for the team. He gave me a half-hour; he was intensely interested in me, and has been since.

SEVENTH PASTOR.

Three months or so was naked praise; my stay long enough to build a small but attractive church, that is still standing. The pastor was new and from the East, and had not learned, "In honor preferring one another," and one or two of his members had yet to attain on that line. A church fuss was the outcome, out of which we escaped by a removal to a college town in Wisconsin.

EIGHTH PASTOR.

No lack of ability, but, Bunyan would say, "worldly wise," with money to invest, large family, and some of the children did not understand, "Honor thy father and thy mother." A man, to lift, must have lifting power. I had come West to enter Christian work. The Baptist minister was single in his aim, preached and lived the gospel. To him my heart was opened, and he said, "I've long felt that you should be entirely given to the things of Christ;

enter upon Christian services as a life-work speedily."

NINTH PASTOR.

Another Wisconsin college town, and a wise, faithful, and hard-working minister and pastor preaching and illustrating the gospel. Understood human nature; made himself felt continually. A constant instruction, comfort and help to my wife with her large household, and husband's continuous absence. Three years in the service as agent of the Christian Commission, headquarters at Memphis and St. Louis. Had four to eight weeks' experience in constant army service, with some three hundred ministers.

TENTH PASTOR.

In Milwaukee; a man with the Pauline, "This one thing I do," and, with his wife, how untiringly they did it; evangelistic in the true sense. No sermon to be forgotten, and no prayer-meeting without the Spirit's uplift.

ELEVENTH PASTOR.

In Illinois; would have failed in business; not a builder, or an inventor, or leader. No student of human nature; pained when asked to resign; and felt as another man said when asked to resign, "I'm as good a preacher as there is in Illinois; general verdict, 'not called to the ministry.'"

TWELFTH PASTOR.

He came to my carpenter shop when a boy for fine shavings. He showed then the spirit and force that sent him from college to the war, where he was as brave as a lion. While in the seminary, as in the college, he worked his way, and lived in the first chapter of Joshua, "Again I say unto you, be courageous." After some five years of evangelistic pastorate, he said to me, "How long can a minister be really useful in one pulpit?" He resigned soon, to the regret of every member who approached to the belief that a church should be in earnest. This servant is now one of California's most useful ministers.

THIRTEENTH PASTOR.

He came from a small and poor country village to what grew into an important city church. The pastor was good; as such, knew friendship; was quite personal in his interest in others; a student and good writer; was deferred to not a little, and forgot his Master, when he said, "I will not receive honor of men." He thought he was a good preacher, but the people did not, and he was bitterly disappointed when asked to resign. If he could have resigned in his tenth year, and warmly thanked his people for bearing with him, and enriching him with their friendship, it would have been sublime for him, and royal for his people. Their future relation would all have been charming.

FOURTEENTH PASTOR.

Large city church; much said of the pastor and the large salary, when he came, from a larger city. Sensational beginning, but very good continuance. Striking twelve at first is likely to grow less. Have more than one Spurgeon or John Hall? This pastor had love for the individual, and love for souls.

FIFTEENTH PASTOR.

One of the largest churches in our denomination. Soon after our reception as a family, I called in at the Deacons' meeting. Most of the deacons I had known considerably, and the pastor in other places. I told them of my busy life, and variety of Christian work, and occupation of my time, and asked of them what I should attempt to do in the church. The pastor asked each deacon's opinion, and gave his own, which, in substance was, "Keep on as you are doing." I saw the handwriting of the pastor's wife in asking me to occupy her husband's pulpit one morning, because of his sudden attack of headache.

SIXTEENTH PASTOR.

I knew him as a student in college, and was a guest in his home missionary pastorate in the beginnings of his ministry in the treeless prairies of Iowa. His father was a minister, and he was nourished in a Christ-honoring minister's home. Love for his fellow-men was almost an inheritance. He was charming at funerals. He put himself in the other man's place to see how he would feel. He built a house and strengthened himself, and deepened his hold among his people in the building. The builder of that house cannot say enough of his pastor's excellences growing out of constant intimacy with him during a hundred days of the house erection. A new church was to be built, and the good pastor had a throat difficulty demanding change of climate, and, with sterling good sense, tendered his resignation. How royally he was sent off with a handsome sum of money! At any time and always he will be welcomed back.

SEVENTEENTH PASTOR.

Third pastorate and unmarried. "It is not good for a man to be alone." When the noble Rev. C. D. Helmer of Plymouth church, Milwaukee, was married in his own church, offering his hand to the waiting bride, he exclaimed: "It is every man's duty to be married?" It most certainly is a minister's duty to be married, as is most evident in this case. He approaches brilliancy, is a student and musician. A feeling pervades that he is called to a musical instead of a ministerial life.

Love, and only love, has prevailed all of my relations to each of these pastors. I'm only sorry that I was not more of a helper and assistant to them. During my thirty-three years of lay evangelism, more than half of my time has been away from home; and when at

home, I must needs unbend somewhat, although always I have had local missions, township and county Sunday-school work and Y. M. C. A. service. An early resolve to have some part in every religious service where there was an open door has possibly made me seem forward, but I had covenanted. The Connecticut laymen (Harlan Page), resolved, "By divine grace, I will act as though I were the only one to act, waiting no longer for others." This resolve thirty-five years ago deeply moved

K. A. BURNELL.

CHICAGO, July, 25, 1891.

PACIFIC COAST WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Women's Press Association of the Pacific Coast is an organization in which all intelligent people should be interested, both for the good work it is doing in the special line, and on account of the many able women who are enrolled as its members. It will hold its first annual convention in San Francisco at Union Square Hall, September 22d, 23d. It is an organization composed exclusively of women and devoted to their interests; it was instituted for the mutual aid and benefit of women who are interested in any legitimate literary pursuit whatsoever.

Through its medium writers and journalists meet on a common plane to form ties of good fellowship. Its aim and desire is to elevate the work and workers, and to further the advancement through the press of any objects in the social, literary, philanthropic and reformatory lines which are brought to its notice. In connection with it is a branch of the American Economic Association of Washington, D. C., so that women wishing to study economics may join this branch, even if they are not members of the Press Association.

The members of the Association are energetic, clever women, many of whom are known to the public by their literary publications. The name of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper is more familiar, possibly, to the San Francisco public than that of any other member, by her indefatigable work for the kindergartens of this city, whom generations of children should rise to bless for having rescued them from lives of utter ignorance and neglect. Mrs. Cooper has been connected with the *Evening Bulletin* for many years, and it was her articles, published in that paper in 1878, which drew the attention of the community to the kindergarten system. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is another earnest worker in the kindergarten cause. She is the author of several charming stories, which, though written for children, are equally interesting to those of a larger growth.

It is to the efforts of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. T. S. Parkhurst, that the Association owes its origin, and she is a most efficient officer and zealous worker for the prosperity and advancement of the organization. Better known, possibly, to the public by her maiden name, Emily Swett, she has published many interesting articles over that signature.

The President of the Association, Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster, is well fitted for her position. She is a graceful speaker, and her charming manner commands itself to all who see her on the platform. She is a woman of broad views, and has the interests of her sex and country at heart. She is personally interested in the temperance movement, the "Social Purity Society," and the question of the elevation of the Indians.

Mrs. G. C. Edholm, of the Oakland *Tribune*, and Mrs. Sarah Sanford, of the *Pacific Ensign*, are both earnest workers in the temperance cause.

Miss E. D. Keith, one of the brightest and youngest members of the Association, takes an active part in all its workings. She is well known as a writer, and occupies a prominent place in the literary field of this coast. Her articles are most favorably received by Eastern journals, as well as those of this city. To many readers she is better known by her pen name, "Di Vernon," though her earlier contributions were over the name of "Erle Douglas," by which she was known to the readers of *THE PACIFIC*.

The Association numbers several poets of much ability among its members, as well as its talented writers of prose.

Mrs. Emily Brown Powell is the author of a beautiful and touching poem, written for Memorial Day, which was published in the *San Francisco Call*. She is a prominent member of the Laurel Hall Club, before which she has read many of her charming verses.

Miss Mary Lambert, of Oakland, is a religious poet of rare fervor, and Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe is the author of that familiar poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night"—always a favorite selection for church fairs, and ambitious elocutionists.

With such women for its members, and these are but a few of the many gifted and clever writers who belong to it, the Association is bound to progress; but, like similar organizations, it seeks the aid and sympathy of the community as well.

ERMERTINE POOLE.

It is distrust to God to be troubled about what is to come; impatience against God to be troubled with what is present; and anger at God to be troubled for what is past.—Patrick.

Miscellany.

Our Daily Bread.

"Give us our daily bread," we pray, And know but half of what we say.

The bread on which our bodies feed Is but the moiety of our need.

The soul, the heart, must nourished be, And share the daily urgency.

And though it may be bitter bread On which these nobler parts are fed,

No less we crave the daily dole, O Lord, of body and of soul!

Sweet leaves, the wine-must all afford, The manna and the honey-comb—

All these are good, but better still The food which checks and moulds the will.

The sting for price, the smart for sin; The purging draft for self within;

The sorrows which we shuddering meet, Not knowing their after-taste of sweet—

All these we ask for when we pray, "Give us our daily bread this day."

Lord, leave us not athirst, unfed; Give us this best and hardest bread,

Until, these mortal needs all past, We sit at thy full feast at last.

The Bread of angels broken by thee, The wine of joy poured constantly.

—Susan Coolidge.

FRENCH POSSESSIONS.

The French Government continues to extend its colonial possessions, despite the open hostility of the majority of the electorate to its policy. The peasants especially, who constitute the bulk of the voters, are bitterly opposed to the acquisition of tropical dependencies, while the conscripts, their own children, are killed off by disease in defending them. Ignorant in geography and unversed in foreign policy, they offer little opposition at first, but when a disaster like that in Tonquin occurs, or they are asked for a colonial credit, they rise in their wrath and oust a minister or overthrow a government. Nevertheless, the ruling classes—that is, the government and the permanent officials—aided always by the press and intermittently by the deputies interested in commerce, steadily adds to the number of French dependencies and perceptibly chafes because it can not do more. In the last decade it has acquired Tunis at the risk of a war with Italy, has secured a foothold in Madagascar, which it insists is a protectorate and is, at least, sufficient to keep other powers out of an island larger than France, and is talking of establishing an empire in Senegal, to include the whole western bulge of Africa. Within a few months it has, by treaty with England, extended Algeria to Timbuctoo, with it, claims, an indefinite extension south and east, and within a few weeks has seized all that part of Siam lying east of the Mekong River. Save of Tunis, no use is made of these acquisitions except to explore them, and as authority is nowhere firmly enforced, it is evident that the government knows that the electorate does not approve and is merely holding nominal possession in the hope that some day it may do so. The policy is, of course, a dangerous one, for French officials, like the German, are overbearing, and are apt by their acts to provoke native outbreaks or warfare to confirm their acquisitions, involving a considerable expenditure of life and treasure. Fortunately, no war of the latter sort is likely to occur over the Siamese seizure, for France will hardly venture to attack or annex Siam itself without some arrangement with England, and the latter will not consent either to its absorption or partition. England has more territory in Indo-China than she wants now, has a friendly feeling for Siam, and would regard its extinction with hostility, and France has not the men at hand and can not obtain the money for an enterprise which would involve a war with Great Britain. If there is no war on the part of France, there will hardly be one on the part of Siam, the government of which knows the strength of European powers, and that it could not secure a serious ally for the defense of its eastern territory, which it holds only by a feeble tenure. England will view with suspicion the presence of the French on her Burmese frontier, but she will not declare war for that, preferring to wait until she has a valid excuse in French intrigue for possession of the British Shan States. China will be aggrieved, for she claims a kind of suzerainty over Siam, but she is not likely to repeat her Tonquin blunder, and will doubtless permit the Shan chief, who rules the seized territory, to defend himself against the French as best he can. As every other power, directly or indirectly concerned, will do the same, the result will be that after a few years' desultory warfare, French Tonquin will be pushed west to the Mekong, with little addition to its value to France, and with no additional menace to the British position in Asia, the final base of which is the British navy.

CLEAN SPEECH.

"Field Glass," in the *Religious Herald* of Richmond, Va., says truly that the apostle Paul believed it important that Christians should keep their speech clean; that he (the apostle) has demonstrated this in his writings. Ephesians

iv: 29 and Colossians iii: 8 are referred to, and then comes the following paragraph:

"That people who had recently been converted from heathenism and idolatry should need such exhortations is not at all surprising. Heathenism was full of uncleanness. The heathen gods who were worshiped by the most cultivated nations of antiquity were not unfrequently monsters of filthiness in their conduct. Even so elegant a poet as Horace does not hesitate to use the most gratuitous filthy images for the sole purpose of amusing his readers. He is occasionally as disgustingly coarse as Squire Western himself."

"But after nearly nineteen Christian centuries have passed it would seem that Christian people, at least, ought scarcely to need any exhortation to be decent in their speech. And yet, to judge from the style of conversation in which many Christians and not a few preachers allow themselves to indulge, we must say that Paul's warning is still as much needed as it is little heeded. We recall a distinguished preacher, a large part of whose life was given to the instruction of young men in schools of high grade, and who was so horribly filthy in his speech that we should not be willing to repeat some of his anecdotes even to an audience of one or two intimate male friends. We can scarcely resist the conclusion that, in this particular direction, that able preacher's mind was diseased, as we cannot help suspecting Dean Swift's was. At all events, this is the best palliation that our charity can invent."

"As a general rule, this impurity of speech, when it characterizes a man from whom we have a right to expect better things, is prompted by a desire to amuse, and, sad to say, it too often succeeds, even when the audience is composed of Christians. It may be that you are too much the Christian gentleman to indulge in obscene jests and unclean anecdotes; but if you stand by and voluntarily listen to them, and then give them the applause of your laughter, you are aiding and abetting the foul business in the most effective way. And to those who are tempted to indulge in such conversation, we would say that a laugh which cost you such a price is dearly bought, and that the wit which depends upon filth is a cheap article. When a knot of Christian men burst into a hearty laugh at an unclean story told by one of themselves, we wonder if the devil does not chuckle with them."

The editor then adds: "This grave remonstrance against a crying evil should be an effectual warning to every Christian, and very especially to every preacher, who reads it. Most seriously do we say that we wish it could be read and deeply pondered by every preacher in this country."

We are not a Methodist; but we must say, amen!—*Christian Standard*.

"COALS OF FIRE."

Whence, then, the illustration? It is, I doubt not, from the Oriental process of baking bread. There are two methods. The one is to place the loaf upon an iron plate upon the coals. When half done the loaf is turned upon the plate. The other is to place the loaf upon the coals and hot ashes, and then heap the live coals over it. The former method is referred to in Hos. vii: 8, where it is said, "Ephraim is a cake not turned," which has been well explained thus: "Burned on one side, raw on the other; all worthless, spoiled by bad baking." Thus, also, according to the other method, is the loaf over which the coals have been heaped; and thus, also, is the man who is your enemy without cause, who has done you an evil turn, perchance many of them. You are to regard and treat him as an imperfectly-baked loaf—the one side charred to a cinder, and the other sour dough. What you are to do is deftly and lightly to draw out the burning coals from beneath, and heap them over his head. If hungry, feed him; if thirsty, give him drink. In a word, in every practicable way, unostentatiously, unselfishly, lovingly, you are to do him good, and thus you will fulfill the precept in the following verse: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—*George Lansing Taylor, D. D.*

WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL LANDS.—"The State of Washington has the richest school lands and the most extensive school funds in the United States," said John Arthur of Seattle to a reporter of the *Washington (D. C.) Post*. "Sections 16 and 36 were set apart for this purpose by the General Government. We have been a territory since 1853, and a State a little more than a year. During the time we were a territory it was impossible to get a title to these school lands, for the General Government held them in trust. The State has advanced so rapidly that these lands have advanced with them, and there is not a city of any size in this new State that does not contain these two sections. In Tacoma and Seattle they are worth \$4,000,000 each, and so on all over the State. They could not be squandered, and thus early in our statehood this great sum of money comes to us for the education of our children. No other State in the country can approach it."

Years mellow some men and petrify others.—*Methodist Recorder*.

Cough-Cures

Are abundant; but the one best known for its extraordinary anodyne and expectorant qualities is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For nearly half a century this preparation has been in greater demand than any other remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pulmonary complaints in general.

"I suffered for more than eight months from a severe cough accompanied with hemorrhage of the lungs and the expectation of matter. The physicians gave me up, but my druggist prevailed on me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and soon began to improve; my lungs healed, the cough ceased, and I became stouter and healthier than I have ever been before. I would suggest that the name of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral be changed to Elixir of Life, for it certainly saved my life."

—F. J. Olden, Salto, Buenos Ayres.

"A few years ago I took a very bad cold, which settled on my lungs. I had night sweats, a racking cough, and great soreness. My doctor's medicine did me no good. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit; everybody despaired of my recovery. I was advised to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, as a last resort, did so. From the first dose I obtained relief, and, after using two bottles of it, was completely restored to health."—F. Adams, New Gretna, N. J.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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"Standish of Standish," by Jane G. Austin. The story of the Pilgrims; deeply interesting, historically accurate; cloth binding. \$1.25.

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Plymouth Albums, 31 Views, 25 cents.

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CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: Oh, it was a real good sort of a picnic, that open air social last Friday, for the benefit of the Groveland Parsonage. The air was so cool a little exercise was welcome. And we had it. The old quots were pitched over again. Sober men played "Two old cats" once more, and batted the balls so far the kids' legs ached before they got their innings. But they got them. What man who ever was a boy would drop a game before the boys had their share of the fun! Some of us played with dynamite, and saw six great stumps shattered and the lawn so far cleared. A dynamite bomb, costing at retail twenty-five cents, if put at the very centre of an oak or maple stump from two to four feet through, will break it into kindling wood, saving six hours' hard grubbing.

I have a working faith in dynamite judiciously applied. I know nothing of it as a chemist or scientist. But by being careful and following good advice, I have, up to date, seen sixteen troublesome stumps shattered. Men do not need to be scholars or theologians to be saved. If they will take advice—kneel down—and from their very hearts say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" they shall have a clean heart and a right spirit. The dynamite of the gospel is sure.

No more funny, foolish Fourth of July fireworks for me! As the Frenchman said, "I'll not throw up my money just to hear it go bang!" When I want to make a racket I'll clear a parsonage lawn, or blast a foundation for a church among the firs of Oregon or Washington. People gather and look on as they do at fireworks, and the sight of a smoking hole where a great stump was is quite as much of a curiosity as a charred wheel or a smoking rocket stick.

After the stumps were lifted, we had a game of "Fox and Geese." No dance could be more enjoyable, and it omits the objectionable features of the dance. Here a carriage drives up. Friends cannot stay—are in haste to get off to California with a dear invalid, but they leave a ten-dollar bill to help plaster the parsonage. No lemonade is peddled at this social. No youth entreated to treat his best girl for charity's sweet sake. But all the country Endeavor Societies by the lake, all the interested neighbors, are invited to come and enjoy fellowship and light refreshments without cost, and to bring such hearty offering to the parsonage as the good Spirit moves. It is too cold to lunch on the lawn, so we crowd the little church. But before we go in the Bishop of Minnesota challenges your tramp correspondent to a race. It was very close. There was no referee. If I dreamed that the big Bishop thought he was victorious, I would challenge him. I did not tramp those hills at the Golden Gate without decided advantages to my pedal extremities. The Bishop can talk better than he can run, and, besides the thankful grace, he said some pleasant words to us—as did other guests—with charming brevity. Love had provided abundance for all. How young folks do like to be together—to eat together!

There was song and story, a spicy programme, not too long. And the good pastor's words, that he would find no "fun at forty degrees below zero" unless the parsonage should be plastered, were a better argument for the doing of it than the most blushing smiles of any saleslady at a lunch table. I know of \$55 which came spontaneously in gifts at this social, and the end is not yet. I agree with Brother Corwin of Salem that too much ice cream is sold at socials; that the mercantile nature is appealed to overmuch. I venture to ask every happy Pilgrim parson on the Pacific Coast who rejoices in a parsonage, and every reader who has a heart, to send me, before September 10th, some small offering for a good home for a good man in a cold country. And send the autograph too, please, to be put in a frame over the blazing hearth. I have autographs for more than a hundred dollars. Send a special delivery stamp please, rather than nothing. With God's blessing, I purpose this parsonage shall teach a useful lesson.

It was a great pleasure to meet the new Lowry Hill church yesterday, and tell them about the kingdom of Christ on the Pacific Coast. This is a strong young church, ideally well located in an unsurpassed part of the city. Rev. Harlan P. Beach, a beloved missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., for many years in China, has been compelled to remain in this country for the health of his family, and yesterday the reading of his acceptance of their call was followed by a very hearty singing of the doxology. In the evening, with Brother George G. Sanborn, for many happy years my helper in the city mission, I visited our old wrestling ground, where prayer gave us power over the sins which marred the image of God. Mr. Sanborn is now one of Mr. Moody's most valued assistants in Chicago mission work. A cordial welcome met us here, and, beside

new and old testimonies, which were most heart-warming, one new voice was heard in prayer. Is there any work like that of helping a soul? The timbers of a church have interest because they make a house where souls are nurtured. Happy men whose business is the touching of men in the name of Christ! It is not vacation to rust. To love one's friends, to caress a grateful dog, to look on the skies which millionaires cannot corner, to sit in a boat with a friend and plan for catching men while catching fish, to drink a cup of cream from one's own Jersey, to cut a box of feed for a noble horse, to wet it well, to mix it with rich meal, to hear the dumb brute's breath of satisfaction as his nose goes to the bottom of it, and his strong, contented crunching, to give a lift to a brother who gets less vacation than you, to preach without pay the gospel which pays in heavenly coin, to feel strong and ready and pour out a sermon instead of wearily pumping it out—this is a hint of what vacation is. Heaven will be like vacation in our spontaneity of work. It will never be weary drudging any more when we get into the glorified body. Grace to all the fellow-workers on the Pacific Coast who, after summer rest, turn to high duties again.

EDWIN S. WILLIAMS.

MINNEAPOLIS.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 19, 1891.

It is now evident that a considerable portion of the \$51,000,000 four and a half per cent. bonds maturing in September, perhaps as much as \$20,000,000 or \$25,000,000, will not be presented for extension at two per cent. under the offer of the Treasury Department, which holds good until September 2d. Those now presented for extension will have to be redeemed, and the Secretary of the Treasury says there will be no difficulty about meeting this obligation, although it is in a measure an unexpected one, as it had been expected that all of these bonds would have been presented for extension at two per cent.

Rev. Samuel Kramer died here on Sunday in his eighty-third year. He devoted the greater portion of his life to work in the itinerant field, and was the founder of the Seaman's Bethel, which, until several years ago, was located near the Navy Yard in this city. He was also Vice-President of the Board of Managers of the Soldiers and Sailors Temporary Home. During the late war he was a chaplain in the navy and a major in the army, a record that was certainly unique.

Those who think that science is the enemy of religion should have listened to the address delivered by Professor Conrad at Mount Vernon Place church Sunday night. The fact of the professor being a scientist of distinction made his testimony all the more valuable to his hearers. "The Christian's Reply to the Skeptic" was the title he chose for his discourse, and he took the interview of Nicodemus with the Saviour to start with, and said that if public men of today were to be measured on the standing of Nicodemus they would leave the public service by brigades. Nicodemus, he said, of the outgoing dynasty, met Christ, of the incoming dynasty, in a respectful manner, and wanted his doubts settled. He then spoke of how natural it was for the young man to doubt, and how necessary it was for him to get his doubts settled. "Pure science," he said, "does not contradict religion. There is as much evolution in religion as in science." After speaking of the business aspect of religion and urging his hearers to serve the Lord with happiness and build their religion on the ground of determination, he closed by saying: "A man has just as much religion as he acts."

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

The recent great Assembly of young people at Minneapolis indicates the activity in Christian work among them. The Council in England is an indication of the same need among the churches. What has brought about this activity? It is not spasmodic, but of slow and healthful growth. The time was in the childhood and youth of those living, when Christian work was nearly all carried on among the people of mature age. The youthful mind was thought not sufficiently strong to grasp and apply the great truths of Scripture. Christ's injunction concerning children, "Suffer, etc.," was used only to save from discouragement those children who came voluntarily to the door of the Church, pleading for admission.

Then, when they were admitted work of the church seemed to consider its duty ended, as if a membership there was all that was needed. There was no planning and executing a systematic course of Bible education and drill in Christian work for the new and young member.

It was a happy era for the children

when the series of international Bible lessons was inaugurated by those who felt and believed the church must get its reinforcements from the young. It opened the way for family study of the Bible in preparation for the class on Sunday, and in class the interchange of ideas and thoughts cleared up many doubts, and perhaps introduced new ones to be dispelled by future lessons. Then how happy to contemplate the entire Christian world studying the same Bible topic during the whole week, and on Sunday the sun, in its circuit, every minute shining on some school studying the same lesson.

The Y. P. S. C. E. and Y. M. C. A. have their work outlined and topics announced for six months ahead, all the Societies praying and talking upon this subject at the same time. A continuous appeal and pleading for twenty-four hours is sent to the hearer and answerer of prayer. If the maxim, "In union is strength," is true, the keynote to an early evangelization of the world is struck, and must be vigorously played until the entire Church are working as one man.

This united and single work can be further extended. How long will it be until, by some arrangement, every Sunday morning sermon will be from the same text, or at least upon the same topic, that when men meet their neighbors on Monday and the succeeding days, a conversation on that subject may be more intelligently enjoyed? And in the midweek meetings for prayer and conference throughout the country, all may have their minds and prayers directed to the same theme. Surely, Christians should become more enthusiastic in the work of saving souls, even the dormant ones awakening to their opportunities.

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The *Missionary Review of the World* for September is full of missionary literature of unusual interest. "The Year 1890 in Japan," by Prof. George William Knox, D.D.; "Buddhism and Christianity," by the Rev. E. Snodgrass; "Buddhism and Romanism," by the Rev. Geo. L. Masop; "Education and Evangelism," by the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck; "The Pines for Medical Missions," by Clarence Thwing, M.D.; "The Free Church of Scotland's Twenty-seventh Medical Missionaries," by George Smith, LL.D.; "Paul, the Missionary," by the Rev. John Ross; "The Recent Audience with the Emperor of China," by Boudinot C. Atterbury, M.D.; are among the valuable contributions to the department of "Literature of Missions." Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2 per year; 25 cents for single numbers. In clubs of ten, \$1.50.

The contents of the *New England Magazine* for September include: "A Pan-Republic Congress," "The Odor of Sanctity," "The Herons of Elmwood," Henry W. Longfellow; "The New South—A Rising Texas City"; "The University of California," Charles Howard Shinn; "A Buried City"; "The French Canadian Peasantry"; "Philip, Pontiac and Tecumseh."

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